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"Much of America's best thought and writing go into the popular magazines, which are taking over more and more of the functions and influence once peculiar to the forum and the newspaper press. It is true that much of our magazine literature is so trivial and valueless that we contemplate quite calmly its certain extinction within the month in which it appears; but now and then, as one sifts through these bushels of chaff, one comes upon a shining kernel which he feels should not be shovelled at once into the dust-bins of oblivion."

Odell Shephard.



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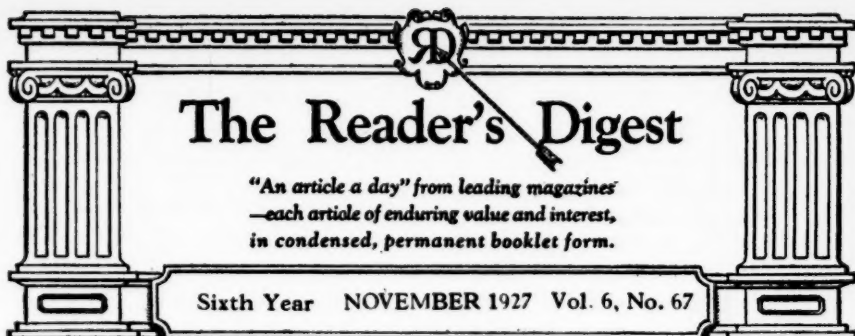
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The Reader's Digest

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The Invasion of Privacy

Condensed from The North American Review (October, '27)

Silas Bent

HENRY M. STANLEY, hero of a celebrated journalistic exploit, quit newspaper work after he found Livingstone, and began writing his reminiscences. Rumors reached his former associates that he was having domestic trouble; it was even said that he had beaten his wife; and a reporter of the Herald staff was sent to investigate. It was a ticklish assignment. Stanley was an irascible man. For a time the two chatted amiably, and then the reporter, gathering courage, blurted out his question. Stanley clenched his fists savagely. After a tense half-minute, relaxing, he gasped. "God! to think I used to do that sort of thing myself!"

James Gordon Bennett, the elder, was the first American newspaper exploiter of private affairs. He was the first to print news for its selling value as news, without regard for its political effect. Before his time there had been personalities a-plenty, but they were political.

In 1832 in New York there were 11 six-cent papers, with an average circulation of but 1700, sold by subscription only. The theory prevailed that literacy should be confined to the well-to-do, then the ruling class, and that the press was meant exclusively for the well-educated. But the coming of The Sun and Herald

upset this notion. These papers were edited to please different tastes. They exploited personal affairs not for political effect but for revenue only. Details about police cases and divorce suits made their appearance in the daily prints. In 1836, The Sun boasted that it had "done more to benefit the community by enlightening the minds of the common people than all the other papers combined."

Some of the editors of the six-cent papers speculated in Wall Street, and Bennett told about it in his paper. The editor of The Courier met him on the street one day and knocked him down. A few months later he repeated the assault—one of many Bennett suffered—and the facts were fully set forth in The Herald, whereat its circulation jumped by 9000.

The newspaper not only invades privacy, but it is most likely at such moments to forget all the canons of news. Long after all semblance of news had been exhausted in the Berlin-Mackay wedding case, the newspapers talked about it. Some even solicited letters (to be printed in the news columns, not on the editorial page) in reply to the question: "Would you do what Ellin Mackay did?" Reams of asinine stuff were elicited. The story had been

squeezed dry long before the Berlins set out for Europe; but they were spied upon by reporters at every turn of the deck, followed in London, then to the Madeira Islands, when they fled to escape the reporters and photographers, then on their return to this country and after the birth of their child.

A rich real estate dealer of New York notified the newspapers when he adopted a young woman. He likes notoriety. He had learned, from a previous adoption, that the press doted on Cinderella stories, which have the fictional "escape" attribute. He knew, however, that the girl's parents would shrink from publicity, and he refused to give the reporters their name or address. The resourceful press was not at loss. The reporters ferreted out the humble home, described it in detail, even to the pictures on the walls, and asked the mother how she felt about the adoption. "My feelings," she said (and was so quoted unblushingly in our most eminent daily paragons of respectability), "are not for the world." Of course they were for *The World*; also for *The Times*, *Herald Tribune* and hundreds of other papers. Despite the deep personal dignity of that reply, it was reported, and so were the mother's symptoms of distress. It so happened that the adopted girl was not 16, as she had pretended, but 21; city officials began an investigation, and she tried to kill herself. Her parents were especially anxious that no word of all this reach another daughter, who was grievously ill in Denver. But the press has a long arm, and it has devoted servants. The whole story was told to the tuberculous girl, by an interviewer, and a short time later she died. Perhaps she could not have lived; but undoubtedly her going would have been easier had she not been distressed, in order to give the press another "human interest" story thrill, by the story of her sister's disgrace.

Anyone who reads newspapers can see for himself instances of the gross invasion of privacy. They need not be multiplied here. Seldom are they resented in the courts. Occasionally there are suits for libel or damages, about which the newspapers themselves

maintain a conspiracy of silence; but on the whole there is either contemptuous inaction, or a naive awe of the Power of the Press.

There is a sort of pride in accomplishing the invasion, on behalf of the Great God News, of another's privacy. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has told with gusto how he climbed a hotel fire escape to enter Dunsany's room unannounced, when the writer was trying to escape reporters; how he got aboard Secretary Daniel's boat in the guise of a porter; how he shadowed a man suspected by his paper of having separated from his wife; and how he sneaked into a millionaire's Long Island estate to peep through a window. This callousness, or pride, is stimulated by the reporter's superiors in order to keep him fit for the game.

I have dealt here, not with the tabloid picture papers (to make a case against them would be too easy to be worth our time) but with the standardized, respectable press. I charge that our most pious journals (with a very few exceptions of comparatively small circulation) exploit for revenue only the personal affairs of the people in this country.

Marie of Rumania, herself not averse to publicity, one gathers, observed on her departure from this country that "there seems no privacy in your American lives; everything anybody does is pried into. It is strange that you who are so busy living have time for this extraordinary interest in others." The implication here was that newspapers invade privacy because of an overwhelming public demand for it. But is it not true that the newspapers stimulate an appetite which grows by what it feeds on? If the world around us were competently reported, the account might prove quite as fascinating as a scandal. The news conventions built upon the penny-shocker present a caricature of the world. The invasion of privacy is an admission that the newspaper is unable to make itself interesting in its legitimate field. Circulation is more important than the right of castle. Salacity and intimate trivialities are the condiments with which an indifferent cook spices our daily broth.

The Tale of a War Raider

Condensed from *The World's Work* (October, '27)

As Narrated to Lowell Thomas

COUNT FELIX VON LUCKNER was the war's most adventurous freebooter. His famous ocean raider, the "*Seeadler*," a mere sailing ship, was no match for an armed steamer in either a race or a fight, and the German commander had to use stratagems to land a quarry. So successful was the *Sea Devil* as a trickster that his ship became a veritable floating hotel, full of joyous captives, orchestras, purloined wine, and pets.

Now the biggest ship we captured in the Atlantic was a 9800-ton British steamer, the *Horngarth*, loaded with champagne. She hove into sight one morning and we could see she would make a tough customer for our sailing ship to handle. We set the signal: "Chronometer time, please." The way she paid no attention to the request said clearly: "Let that old windjammer go and buy a watch!" But we had other devices. We had a smoke apparatus to send clouds rolling out of the galley, and on the galley roof was a dish loaded with magnesium which produced a wicked red flame. We set the smoke and fire going, and ran up distress signals. The *Seeadler* was the most dramatic-looking ship afire you ever saw.

Thirty of my crew armed with rifles hid behind the rail, and Schmidt quickly dressed as the captain's wife. We had another piece of apparatus: a kind of cannon made out of a section of smoke-stack. It was loaded with a charge of powder, and although harmless, made a noise like a dreadnaught's full broadside.

The steamer came rushing heroically to the aid of the old sailship. She had a powerful wireless set, and a five-inch gun on her deck. What was our little popgun beside it? One shot would blow us right out of the water. The steamer drew near. We cut off our smoke and flame. It looked as though we had fought our fire successfully.

Schmidt, the captain's wife, tripped along the deck with coquettish movements of shoulders and hips. The officers on the steamer's bridge eyed the fair vision and exchanged smiles with that rogue of a Schmidt.

"Clear the deck for action," I roared. Instantly, Schmidt threw off his silken dress, and in the uniform of a German gob kicked his blonde wig around the deck. The Britishers stared aghast. The German flag ran up, our riflemen arose from behind the rail ready to pick off any man who tried to handle the five-inch gun. Bang, crash, and our gun knocked over the wireless shack. A tremendous detonation, and our false smokestack cannon added its voice to the general effect.

The steamer's crew swarmed on deck and ran around like crazy animals. The captain telephoned his order to start the engines. His engine crew was on deck as panicky as the others. He ordered the boats swung out. His men were already doing that as well as their fright allowed.

"Clear the deck for action," he howled. That only gave the crew a greater scare. "Gun crew to their posts." I had to admire that captain. The fat fellow dominated the frightened mob by sheer force of lung power. His voice seemed to sweep the deck and master everything. We stood watching. I didn't think he could do it, but the panic stilled. It looked as though there would be a fight, his cannon against our rifles. We had one more device left. I gave the signal. From the mastheads boomed three voices through megaphones in unison. The shout was in English: "Torpedoes clear!"

On the steamer's deck a crazy yell arose: "No torpedoes, for God's sake, no torpedoes." Handkerchiefs, napkins, towels, and anything white was waved.

"Lay to," I shouted, "or we discharge our torpedoes." There was no further sound. The fat captain was licked, licked by the terror the torpedo inspired in every one who sailed on ships. He could not have done anything with his men now, but I don't think he liked torpedoes either. He sat down on a deck chair, cursing and wiping the sweat off his face.

Our prisoners came aboard. The fat captain looked around curiously, walked up to our smokestack gun, and you couldn't have told his face from a beet. "Captain, is that the thing that made that hell of a racket?"

"Yes."

"Where are the torpedoes?"

"We have no torpedoes."

"No torpedoes? That was a fake, too?"

"Yes."

"By Joe, Captain, don't report that, by Joe."

I promised him I should not report it, and told him heartily that he had behaved like a true British skipper, and no man could have done better.

Aye, things have changed on the sea. When I went aboard that steamer I had to sit there and look around and think. She was a freighter, and what were freighters like when I was in the fo'c'sle 20-odd years ago? I was in a magnificent saloon, with heavy carpets, glittering candelabra, and big, luxurious chairs. Paintings in heavy frames hung on the wall. In one corner was a grand piano and beside it a violin, a guitar, a melodeon, a ukulele. Freighters nowadays often have better officer's accommodations than passenger ships. The shipowners provide comforts and luxuries to make the long periods at sea less burdensome.

We took the musical instruments, the paintings, some of the furniture, and as much champagne as we could stow away. We opened the sea cocks of the steamer, and she settled down peacefully beneath the waves.

One gorgeous night, such as you rarely find anywhere but in the tropics, we sat around in genial fraternity, officers, prisoners, and crew, each with a

goblet of champagne. Midship was the orchestra and grand piano. How remote the war seemed then!

"What ho, a light!" With my night telescope, I saw a ship, a stately three-master. "Hard aport!" We were on the dark side of the horizon, and she could not see us.

Our flash signal flared out across the water. "Heave to—a German cruiser." Unable to make us out, she little guessed that we were nothing more than a sailing ship, from which she could easily escape. We were confident she would take us for a cruiser easily able to blow her up. We waited. Presently, we heard a splashing of oars. Out of the darkness came the jolliest hail I have ever listened to. It was in French.

"What a relief. Instead of a boche cruiser, I find you are an old windjammer like ourselves. But why the joke? Your signal fooled us completely. I suppose you want to tell us something about the war."

I did not wonder at his surmise. Allied ships were always keen about news from the various battle fronts, and it was common enough for vessels to stop and exchange news. "Come on aboard," I replied. "We have lots of news."

Being homeward bound, he was in a frolicsome mood. A generous taste of champagne, and he was ready to embrace us. He thought our supposed joke was the result of our being tipsy. He was such a cheerful, convivial soul that I hated to break the bad news to him.

I left the progress of events to do that. He wanted to have a look over our ship. So I ushered him to my cabin. At the door he recoiled. On the walls were pictures of the Kaiser, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, von Tirpitz; and a large German flag.

"*Des allemands!*" he groaned.

"Yes, I said, 'we are Germans.'"

"Then we are lost, *par Dieu!*" His despair was tragic. "It is not so much the loss of my ship. But it's that I feel I have only myself to blame for it. In Valparaiso, two of my fellow-captains warned me not to start until they had

(Continued to page 390)

Troglodytes of the Desert

Condensed from the Scientific American (October, '27)

Horace D. Ashton, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society

THREE hundred miles south of the site of ancient Carthage, in the Matmata hills, there are 30,000 people whose dwellings are merely holes in the ground. The origin of this race of people is lost in antiquity. The armies of Caesar, after bringing Carthage to her knees, swept south and so menaced these people that they took refuge in the rocky hilltops where they dug themselves in between layers of rock and, placing bulwarks before the entrances to their caves, successfully withstood siege after siege until the armies withdrew.

Today most of them live just as the invaders left them. Utilizing one stratum of hard rock as a floor and the one above as a ceiling, they dug into the comparatively soft marl. Here they formed chambers 20 feet long, 8 feet wide and with arched ceilings 8 feet high—the whole finished off with a crude cement. Some of these residences contain several chambers, always of the same dimensions, often with independent entrances, except in the case of the harems of women's quarters. There is no furniture, the bed being a sort of shelf. There are divans along the side walls, upon which the people sit; for there are no chairs. In the women's quarters one finds the inevitable loom and numerous earthen bowls in which are prepared the native dishes, and the huge jars which hold olive oil, dates, figs and other staple foods.

In front of each house is a stone-walled courtyard which serves three purposes: first, as a place in which the women may remain out of doors and still have their accustomed privacy (for these people are all Moslem and the women are veiled and secluded from childhood); second, as a sort of barnyard in which sleep all the goats, donkeys, chickens

and the ever-present watch dog; and third, as an individual fortress in time of siege.

These people are known as the "climbing troglodytes" (troglodyte means "to enter a hole"). There are, in addition, several districts within a few hundred miles where others of the same race live. At Medenine, houses have been built on the level plain, in the shape of huge loaves of bread, arranged in numerous horseshoe groups, and sometimes to a height of five or six houses, placed one on top of another. This grouping originated from the necessity of defense against the Taureg marauders who used to prey regularly upon these pastoral people, robbing them of their stock, grain and, often of their women.

Sixty miles west of Medenine is the strangest of all troglodyte towns, that of Matmata. Here the dwellings are huge wells which dot the whole valley as far as the eye can reach. The valley covers more than three square miles, and it is dotted with the openings of huge circular wells, about 60 or 70 feet in diameter, and about 30 feet deep. In all the valley there are only three buildings, recently built by the French. Yet in this valley dwell more than 12,000 souls without even a single tent.

These strange subterranean homes are entered through dark sloping tunnels, usually branching off into small stables on the way, and opening finally into the circular courtyard, 30 feet below ground level. Around the vertical sides of the courtyard are dug the rooms of the occupants. . . All of these troglodytes are most hospitable and kindly people and they extend the heartiest welcome to the visitor.

(Continued from page 388)

cabled our owners for final instructions and news about U-boats and cruisers. But the wind was fair, and I thought it best to take advantage of it. So, I sailed ahead of the two other captains. And now, because I did not take their advice, I have lost the *Dupleix*, my ship. What an ass I was! Now I shall never get a ship again."

"What were the names of your friends' ships?"

"The *Antonin* and the *La Rochefoucauld*."

"Orderly," I called in German, "bring us captains number five and nine."

Presently, in walked the captains of the *Antonin* and the *La Rochefoucauld*. They had been on board the *Seedler* ten and three days respectively. The captain of the *Dupleix* gaped. Then with joy that he made no effort to conceal, he clasped the hands of the two captains whose advice he had scorned and who had encountered the same fate as he, while they returned his welcome with a grim humor.

The presence of these three captains aboard the *Seedler* represented a loss of 10,000 tons of saltpetre destined for the French powder mills, and a saving of hundreds, perhaps thousands of German lives.

I have served as an officer aboard a dozen liners, and have had some splendid passenger lists. But no group of passengers on a liner ever enjoyed such happy comradeship as we did aboard our buccaneering craft. We took the greatest pleasure in making the time agreeable for our prisoners, with games, concerts, cards, and story-telling. We fed them well, and served special meals for all the nations whose ships we captured. One day our German chef cooked, the next day an English cook, then the French chef, then the Italian. The prisoners seemed to appreciate our intentions thoroughly. Sentiments of gratitude and friendship obliterated the more artificial passions of war hatred. I am sure that very few of our passengers wished us any ill or gloated in the hope of our being sunk.

Our only woman aboard, a Canadian skipper's little bride, grew melancholy. We did everything we could to make the time pleasant for her, but she pined for the society of other women, and told me about it. "Madam, we shall do our best." Soon afterward, a large British bark appeared through the mist. As we drew near her, I saw a woman on the deck! "Madam," I shouted to the young bride, "get ready to welcome your companion."

Everybody, prisoners and all, swarmed on deck to witness the exceptional capture. The captain of the unlucky bark looked curiously at the crowded figures standing at our rail, of every color and race. They waved gaily. Our gramophone blared out, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

"Hello," he shouted through the megaphone, "collecting volunteers?" He thought we were picking up war volunteers from the Atlantic islands. . . "Any news of the war?" he asked.

"Much news," I responded. "I shall signal it." Our signal flags went up: "Heave to or I shall fire." His binoculars focussed themselves on our mast-head where the German flag now waved. Our gun mask dropped, and the cannon peered forth. By Joe, but it raised a commotion on the deck! The sailors ran to the boats. Even the helmsman deserted the wheel.

Our guests always had a cordial welcome for fresh arrivals. This time, the coming of a second feminine passenger made the occasion a gala one. Everybody put on his best manners. The members of our "Captains' Club" marshaled their forces, ready to greet the officers and the lady from the captured craft with suitable dignity. The newly arriving woman, who scarcely knew what to expect aboard our dreadful pirate craft, was surprised when she was greeted not only by our Captains' Club with all its stately courtesies, but also by a brightly smiling woman who presented her with a bouquet of artificial flowers. The two women immediately became the best of friends, and the convivial spirit aboard made our happiness complete.

(To be continued)

This Prosperity

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (October, '27)

Leonard P. Ayres, Vice-Pres., Cleveland Trust Company

WE are now in the sixth year of a period of prosperity that is developing a kind of business competition never before experienced in this country. It is a long-distance race in which the short-winded contestants are being dropped out one by one. Manufacturers and merchants are doing a large volume of business; but they emphatically testify that margins of profit are becoming very narrow. Their testimony is supported by records of business failures which are steadily rising, and which threaten to go up in this year to peaks never before exceeded even in times of general depression.

This condition is without precedent. In former decades, periods of prosperity were times when everybody had work, and everybody made money. Now, conditions of employment are good, but a great many business men find it extremely difficult to make any profits. The explanation appears to be: during previous periods of prosperity the wholesale prices of commodities rose, while during the past two years they have been falling.

The advance of prices in former prosperous periods meant that the demand for goods was currently a little greater than the available supply. Hence the producers fixed the prices, and the buyers competed for the commodities. Even the less efficient producers were able to make money, and the more daring ones often profited largely by commodity speculation.

But this period of prosperity is different. The restriction of immigration has compelled manufacturers to install labor-saving machinery, and to make their organizations more efficient. The result is that the factory output of goods per man per day has recently increased so

rapidly that we now have a period of sustained trade during which the supply of goods is currently a little greater than the demand, and prices keep falling instead of advancing. Buyers dictate terms, and producers compete for markets.

During a period of declining prices, the time soon comes when one or more competing manufacturers find that the prices received for the goods are no longer enough to yield a profit. Each manufacturer undertakes to reduce the costs of production by introducing new economies of operation in the factory. Finally, however, the least efficient producer finds himself unable further to reduce his production costs, and he has no alternative but to close his factory. This process of elimination is now rapidly going on among the smaller and weaker manufacturing firms in many lines.

The history of American business is largely a record of its ups and downs, or cycles, from depression to prosperity and back again. The time interval from one peak of prosperity to the next was usually about three or four years. These "cycles" had much to do, perhaps, with making America "the land of opportunity." The typical business man had about ten opportunities during the course of a business lifetime to reap the advantages of periods of prosperity. These were times of real opportunity for the enterprising, whether they were very efficient or not.

Naturally, then, we have always hoped for periods of long-continued prosperity, supposing that a sustained period would keep on having the same favorable results for the individual business man that the short ones did. But in this present protracted period

of prosperity and declining prices, commercial failures are increasing in number. Success is going in the main to the stronger, larger, more heavily capitalized concerns. There were more failures in the first six months of 1927 than in the first half of any previous year except 1922 and 1915—both periods of serious depression.

For the first six months of this year the net earnings of General Motors were almost a million dollars per working day. And yet it is true that most of the smaller automobile companies earned less in 1926 than in 1925, and are earning at still lower rates this year. This is a period of great prosperity for the automobile industry, yet one of serious difficulty for most of the companies in that industry. The U. S. Steel Corporation has reported large earnings; but most of the small steel companies are reporting large volumes of output, and shrinking margins of earnings. In the field of merchandising, the great chain-store systems and the mail-order houses are steadily expanding; while individual stores are having increasing difficulties.

The stock exchange reflects these tendencies. The shares of the leading corporations in many, if not most, important branches of business have made notable price advances during the past year; but the current price quotations for the shares of some hundreds of smaller companies are lower than they were at the beginning of 1926. This is a time of prosperity for the efficient and the strong, and one of increasing difficulties for those that are less successful in reducing their costs of production, or that are handicapped by inadequacy of capital. There are, of course, exceptions; some small companies are rapidly forging ahead.

Present economic conditions, however, are greatly benefiting the railroads and the utility companies. These companies buy goods and sell services. The material that they purchase tends to cost them less and less because of declining prices. The rates they charge for their services remain at the relatively high levels fixed by Commissions when costs were higher.

These are good times for the great

majority of workers, because employment is general and wages are advancing while the cost of living is declining. They are hard times for the farmers, because the prices of agricultural products are relatively low. They are hard times for most jobbers, wholesalers, and middlemen, because the goods in which they deal are more likely to shrink in value than to advance in price while they have them in their possession.

The present prospects are that this period of exceptional business prosperity will continue to be characterized by just such cross currents as those that have been suggested. . . It is wholly probable that the old abrupt business cycles, with their rapid ascents and descents, are things of the past. The country is now too wealthy, and our credit supplies are too ably administered through the Federal Reserve System, to permit a return to those former recurring conditions. We shall continue to have well-defined business cycles; but they will be longer in duration, and their peaks will be less sharp and their valleys less deep, than those of the past. Meantime, we are finding that a period of sustained prosperity with declining prices brings with it the competition of elimination.

The chief advantage of the new era is that the day of business panics is past, probably never to return. Perhaps the chief disadvantage is a curtailment of individual opportunity in this country. The invincible optimism of the American business man, and the fluidity of our social structure, were developed in those decades of alternating depression and prosperity. Then, it was the normal experience of the typical business man to have about ten new opportunities during his business life to pass through periods of prosperity in which even the less efficient made money.

In the future we shall have fewer depressions, but we shall also have relatively fewer opportunities for individuals to found businesses. There will be more employers, and fewer proprietors. For most business men there will be less risk, less worry, less responsibility, and more steady jobs and salaries in middle and subordinate positions with large corporations.

Home Thoughts from Abroad

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (October, '27)

James Truslow Adams

LONDON seems to me in most ways the most civilized, as it is unquestionably the greatest, of the cities of men. It is not only in sheer extent and population the largest city in the world, but it is the centre as yet of the greatest and most widely scattered empire the world has ever seen. The dweller in it feels that he is at the crossroads of all the world's chief highways. One can survey the world from here as from no other one centre. One meets here all the time people who have just come from China or the Cape, or almost any part of the world. English magazines have a much wider range of interests than American ones. Why? The main business of England, both in merchandising and banking, is international. The larger business man has a direct interest in almost all quarters of the globe. Again, there is scarcely a family of the better-magazine-reading classes which has not a member of it living in some remote corner of the world.

But perhaps one of the chief charms of London is that, if it is the greatest of cities, it is also the most homelike and, one might say, rural. The architectural unit for most of the town yet remains the small house as contrasted with vast "apartment houses." A home is still felt to mean a house and not a slice of some costly communal barracks. Then there are parks, and innumerable "squares" and gardens, everywhere. One may even cricket and golf and tennis within walking distance of one's house. Cheek by jowl with the busiest thoroughfares there are village-seeming streets or quiet nooks which are as retired and peace-bringing as any cathedral close. One steps out of Piccadilly to find one's self surrounded by the flowers and

country atmosphere of the Albany, or one passes from the confusion of High Holborn under an archway to rest in the charming old-world garden of Staple Inn, where the lilacs and iris bloom and a fountain splashes with cool serenity. Starting in St. James's Park, one may walk for miles over grass and under the trees, keeping all the time in the heart of London.

All these green open spaces give one the impression that everywhere the country is overflowing into the city. Nowhere in London, with one or two exceptions, do we find any such planned architectural vistas as so delight the French. London has grown without elaborate city planning, but unlike the larger American cities it has managed to keep itself green and homelike and beautiful. In America every inch of city real estate is made to produce as much as possible by building on it. Here, open spaces, irises and daffodils, hawthornes and lawns, have their values also for the human life of the town. It is this sense of human values, in private properties as well as public parks, maintained in spite of the need and lure of money in the world's most densely populated city, which again gives one a sense of its civilized attitude toward life.

Another element in its civilization is the almost perfect quiet that reigns. As contrasted with the insane tooting of horns day and night in Paris and New York, one rarely hears a motor, and although the parks are filled with children and older persons of all grades of society, one never hears any such "cat-calling," yelling, and general racket as one would in American city parks with such masses of people. When one motorist, dashing through a street at

night, by a shriek of his horn awakens perhaps a hundred people, he is a being who has not learned the very rudiments of civilization—that is, of harmonizing his own instincts with the good of all.

One feels here that, whether by centuries of training or by some political instinct, this people can govern itself as no other can. There are comparatively few laws interfering with the liberty of the individual to do as he likes, but they are enforced with a swiftness, an impartiality, and a completeness that leave an American green with envy. Here, for example, ever since the war, the liquor traffic has been regulated by permitting sales only at certain hours of the day, and it is illuminating to see how the law is everywhere enforced by the people themselves. In all these years I have never yet witnessed a single case in which the law has been infringed by the fraction of a second. . . . If we judge the degree of civilization by the completeness with which a people governs itself, combined with the completeness with which it retains all possible liberty of individual action, I know of no other leading country which can compete with England.

At home there is no use blinking the fact any longer that we are not an Anglo-Saxon country. Our language may be English, but the population figures tell another story. In New York City alone there are two million foreign born and 200,000 negroes. In all England there are only 300,000 aliens, and this racial solidarity gives one a sense of being at home and among one's own kind. This is not one of the least satisfactions of living in England. In America one is also surrounded by "Americans," but "American" has utterly ceased to have any racial connotation.

Already many readers have undoubtedly given vent to that characteristic remark whenever one praises foreign lands or suggests anything lacking in "God's country": "Why don't you go there to live if you think it's so much better?"—with an inflection of annoyance that makes the sentence much more of an imperative than an interrogative. On this subject American

opinion has always been irrational. Americans think it laudable that a citizen of any other nation should come to America to better his condition, but shameful that an American should emigrate to Europe for the same reason.

Why not stay in England and live? The advantages of the country are all rational, yet one does not stay—for reasons which are largely irrational, and not easy to describe. There is at bottom that hardest of all passions to analyze, the love of one's country, even in America where in many neighborhoods one's neighbors have ceased to be of one's own race or even, perhaps, capable of speaking one's own tongue.

In England one feels at times that sense of being "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd." One recalls the picture in *Punch* of an American motorist driving his car at 70 miles an hour while a man by the roadside calls out, "Remember this is an island." Even if one has lived only on the Atlantic seaboard, he has felt that there were 3000 miles of open sea in front of him and 3000 miles of his own land behind him, and it has done something, very lasting but hard to define, to him.

But perhaps most of all there is the feeling that at home one is watching one of the greatest experiments in history, an experiment that is somehow partly one's own responsibility as an American. If one loses one's way in the subway because the conductor can talk only Hungarian, if some negroes are burned at the stake as though it were the year 800, if a bricklayer gets \$20 a day and a professor of economics gets \$10, if a town can find no better way to express its enthusiasm for a native son than by running the fire engines up and down the main street, if 20,000 school children are assembled to see which has the most freckles, if any one of the hundred unaccountable and fantastic things in the American press come true daily, one wonders what it all signifies and where it is all going to end. But that is just it. One wonders and one wants to wait just a little longer and see. Perhaps the small boy has never lost his love for the circus.

(To be continued)

The Havoc Wrought by Professor Bell

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (October, '27)

Deems Taylor

THE morning's interruptions have finally been disposed of, and you are ready at last for a good long stretch of what Wells would describe as some "hard, clear, merciless thinking" on that Big Work. Just as the thinking has begun to be hard without being clear, the doorbell rings. With a muttered, "Excuse me, posterity!" you rush to the front door. Outside stands a woman, engrossed in *The Story of Philosophy*. You wait. She turns a page. Finally you say, "Well?" She looks up.

"Who is this?" You give your name. "Wait a minute," she says.

Whereupon she returns to her book. You wait. After a considerable interval a Business Man saunters up to your door with a companion. You can tell that he is a Business Man because he is in Conference with the other man—that is, both are smoking expensive cigars and comparing golf scores. As they reach your door, the woman says, "Here you are, Mr. Gulp."

"All right," says Mr. Gulp, and continues the description of how he got out of that trap on the 14th. Finally he says, "Excuse me a minute, Jim," and turns your way. "Yes?" he says testily. "who are you?" You tell him who you are.

"Are you the Little Giant Post-hole Corporation?" Meekly you admit that you are not. "Isn't this 1327 Dienerstrasse?" No, you assure him, this is 1463 Rue de Rivoli. "Hell, that's the wrong number!" he shouts angrily. "Go away."

Now this is a supposititious anecdote. People do not send their secretaries to ring your doorbell and ask who you are, and then insult you because you aren't the person they hoped you were. However, if you will revise the anecdote to the extent of changing the doorbell to a telephone bell, you will find that it

coincides fairly closely with your own daily experience.

In short, we have not many telephone manners and what we have are unspeakable. When the instrument first came into use the excitement of hearing a human voice come over a wire was so unusual that what the voice said was of little consequence—just as the enthralling thing about the first moving pictures was the fact that they moved. But nowadays, when the bell tinkles, I do not start up, thinking "Oh, goody! When I put my ear to that little black dingus I am going to hear the voice of somebody who may be 50 miles away! How wonderful science is!" Not at all. A telephone conversation is just a conversation.

Consequently, you would think that the usages that govern other conversations would prevail. They do not. The foundation of good manners is considerateness; but most people. I find, unleash their inhibitions the moment they lift a telephone receiver, comporting themselves as boorishly and irritatingly as possible on all occasions.

Consider, for example, what havoc Professor Bell's invention has wrought with the dinner invitation. In the olden times—say about ten years ago—your prospective hostess, rendered desperate by five successive turndowns, sat down and wrote you a formal polite note. In due time you received this summons, and having decided that death at the heels of wild horses would be slightly preferable to one of Mrs. M.'s dinners, you wrote an equally polite note of regret that you would be unable to accept Mrs. M.'s kind invitation. And that was that.

Today, however, hostesses are imbued with the go-getter spirit, and thanks to the telephone, like the Royal Northwest Mounted Police they generally get their man. Mrs. M. now calls you up. "What

are you doing on the eighth?" Incautiously you reply, "Nothing." "That's lovely!" she exclaims. "I want you for dinner that night."

With enormous presence of mind you say, "On the seventh?" "No, the eighth." "Oh, I'm so sorry! I thought you said the seventh. I'm sailing for Europe on the eighth." "What a shame," she rejoins. "However, I haven't asked any of the others yet. We'll make it the seventh."

And there you are, trapped. Later you telephone and say that you just remember that you had accepted an invitation from the Delphiniums for the seventh; but it transpires that the Delphiniums are coming to Mrs. M.'s. And so you have no further recourse except to telegraph on the afternoon of the seventh that you have just broken your leg. Whereupon, of course, Mrs. M. telephones you on the morning of the eighth, in your absence, to inquire after the state of your leg. How much pleasanter things were in the old days, when the simple fact that you didn't feel like going somewhere was sufficient reason for not going!

Telephone bad manners are so ingrained in most of us that we don't even know they are bad manners; reading about them will do no good. Direct action is the only remedy left. Wherefore I propose a league whose members shall be pledged to deal appropriately with the more familiar telephone nuisances. Let me cite a few specimens, with suitable antidotes.

The most frequent, of course, is "Who is this?" My practice, which has proved satisfactory, is to reply, "This is Catherine of Russia. Whom did you wish?"

Next comes the Business Man's call, already outlined. As soon as the secretary has said, "Wait a minute, please; Mr. Whoozis wishes to speak to you," the best plan is to wait ten seconds and then hang up. I find that a repetition of this ceremony is usually sufficient to cause a blinding light to dawn upon Mr. Whoozis. On the third call he will probably be at the telephone.

A difficult problem is the friend who calls you just at dinner time. He or she

generally remarks, "I hope I didn't call you away from dinner." The best method is to say, heartily, "Yes, but don't you mind a bit. The telephone is right here at the table. Just go ahead." Thereafter speak as one whose mouth is full, being careful to be completely unintelligible. This method is generally efficacious after three minutes.

Another type greets you coyly with, "Do you know who this is?" In this case, just say, "And I don't give a damn," and hang up.

The person who humorously pretends to be someone else is dangerous to deal with. It is well to exercise caution. Unexpected people do call up sometimes, and are likely to become annoyed when mention of their names is greeted with, "Ho! ho! Bernard M. Baruch. That's a hot one!"

The last of the more common types of nuisance is the idiot who doesn't bother to inquire after your identity, and plunges into a conversation before making sure that he has the right number. One afternoon I was dragged from profound meditation by a voice saying, "This is the Sacred Heart Convent. If that milk isn't here by four we'll get another milkman." And slam! went the receiver. In this instance, the breach of etiquette carried its own punishment—as, indeed it does in nearly all similar cases.

A friend, to cite a further example, once answered a telephone call, to hear someone say, "This is Mrs. Blank and I'm having a few people in after the theater this evening."

"Yes!" said my friend eagerly, thinking that at last his social gifts were about to receive proper recognition.

"—And I want you to send over a supper for ten—simple; nothing heavy. I want about 50 sandwiches, and ices of some sort; and a salad, and some claret punch. And send silver and linen, and three very good waiters. Do you understand?"

Under the circumstances, what would you have done? He murmured, "Yes, ma'am," and dazedly hung up. I have often wondered what the guests thought and what she said.

College Men in the Big Leagues

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (October, '27)

Francis Wallace, Sports Dept., N. Y. Evening Post

WHEN the present season began, there were 107 men, from 79 colleges, in the major baseball leagues. They held one-third of the regular positions and included many of the stars. More than half of the raw material is now culled from the campus, and the minor leagues are well populated with collegians in training for major-league jobs. Within five years the collegians will have a clear majority in the big leagues; baseball is a new and lucrative profession.

The influx of college men has caused radical changes in the atmosphere and personnel of baseball. They have elevated the game to a profession with standards of respectability which compare favorably with other professions. In the words of Connie Mack, veteran manager of the Athletics, the collegian has taken the play away from the roughneck and the fighter. Moreover, he has dominated the game until the sand-lot product is emulating the collegian in dress and habits and, as far as possible, in education. "In the old days," Mack says, "it was easy to distinguish the collegian; now it is impossible."

Colonel Ruppert, owner of the Yankees, explains the gold-rush to the diamond. "In what other profession can a college man earn \$6000 or more in his first year and \$100,000 in ten years if he becomes a regular? He is still a young man when he is through with the game and has capital enough to step into his more serious work."

Baseball is a secondary profession for collegians which they use to help them on their way to their serious work. Some study law or accounting in the winter, while others prepare for a business career. Moe Berg of the White Sox is specializing in foreign languages. Several study medicine in the off season.

The non-college men have copied the idea until almost all of them spend the winter in some other occupation which they are building for the future. They utilize the cash and capitalize the fame of the national game and are generally shrewd, sensible young fellows with little time for the dissipations of those earlier heroes who regarded the winter as a period of basking in hero-worship.

Your ancient baseball man thankfully accepted whatever salary was offered for the privilege of enjoying himself. He traveled cheaply from town to town, dodged cabbages, returned epithets hurled by irate fans, drank beer, played poker, and spiced his life with suitable tales and practical jokes.

The modern ball player has his motor car, plays golf and bridge, wears correct clothes, looks debonair, practises the social graces, observes the proprieties, and is seldom rude with women. He spends six weeks in the South as the guest of the club, rides in special trains and motor-buses, and, if he is a regular, is never asked to ride an upper berth. During the last world series the writer made three trips between New York and St. Louis on special trains equipped with barbers, stenographers, and maids for the wives of the players.

On the field the old-time player gave of himself without reserve. He played the game primarily because he enjoyed it, and he was out to win at any cost. He abused the umpire vocally and physically; he would cut down a baseman without apology, trip a fielder, laugh at a broken finger of an opponent, fight a teammate for losing a game, haze the rookies, and abuse a weakling until he quit the club.

The modern player, although he likes the game, plays it as a business, and conserves his strength to prolong his

earning career. He sees no use in getting excited enough to injure an opponent, and he evades feuds which might shorten his career or worry him into the discard. He wants to be a friend to his fellows, including the umpire. So we have the era of the athlete who greets his friends on the opposing club and apologizes for bumping them on the base-lines. He can fight and swear or cut a man down as in the old days, but he reserves these spasms until good business requires them. This is why a world-series contest is so interesting. The players give all of themselves on every action. Money drips from every pitched ball; for real money your modern will hustle and fight.

In the previous era the crowd took a more intimate part in the pastime. Stands were smaller, the character of the players welcomed intimacy, and the savage type of game stirred the fans as it did the men on the field. There was more civic jealousy; the spectator had as much personal interest in a game as the college undergraduate now has in his football team. Hence Mr. Fan suffered, shouted, swore, and wanted to kill the umpire. That spirit still lives in the smaller minor leagues but disappears as the towns grow larger. In the major leagues the rabid rooters are regarded as "nuts." To the average spectator baseball is now a species of the theater, and the player is as remote and impersonal as the actor on Broadway.

The following table, checked by John McGraw, reveals the development of the care-free national sport into an efficient business machine:

Year	Average Salary of Recruit	Average Salary of Star	Number of Players	Average Total Investment
1876	\$ 500	\$ 750	11	\$ 1,000
1903	1,200	4,000	16	20,000
1927	6,500	15,000	25	4,000,000

John McGraw says: "In 1908 I paid \$11,000 to Indianapolis for Rube Marquard, and the era of big prices for minor-league stars was on. The next year Pittsburgh built the first of the modern stadia. In 1913 the Federal League invasion of our ranks sent our salary bills up, and these were boosted

again after the war, when we gave the money to the players rather than to government taxes. Then Ruth started the era of the big hitters. He brought people to baseball games who would never have come otherwise."

In 1920 Colonel Ruppelt paid \$125,000 to bring Babe Ruth from Boston to New York. In 1921 Ruth established his record of 59 home runs. Soon the home-run King had a palace worthy of him—the triple-decked Yankee Stadium, which is baseball's most imposing monument. Ruth has been largely responsible for the doubling of salaries for all players during the past seven years. "We depend upon men like Ruth to increase our salaries all along the line," one of his teammates told me while Ruth was negotiating for his three-year contract at \$70,000 each season.

Babe is of the old school. He plays the game because he loves it and is a true amateur at heart. He has appetites and emotions which give way to no glad spirit of diamond antiquity. But he is the last of the old school. The collegians are here. Gehrig and Waner await.

Most baseball men agree that baseball is softer, more effeminate, more luxurious, than of yore; but that it is cleaner, more creditable, and more profitable, and on the whole much more to be approved than the original model.

The percentage of collegians in each of the major leagues is almost equal, as the National has 54 and the American 53. In the East, 30 schools have sent up 40 players; in the South, 22 colleges have produced 31 major-leaguers; 20 colleges in the Middle West have given 28 men. Eight Pacific-coast players come from seven schools. Alabama and Holy Cross lead with 4; Columbia, Missouri, Austin College, and Ohio State have 3 each.

The Giants lead with 11 college men. The White Sox follow with 10. The Yankees have 9 and the World's Champion Cardinals, the Reds, and Indians each have 8. The Giants had 16 collegians at training-camp last spring.

Christianity vs. Missions

Condensed from *The Forum* (October, '27)

Edward H. Hume

THE Christian movement in China has come to a parting of the ways. The simultaneous rise of a nationalistic spirit and the flight of hundreds of foreign missionaries have already been made the basis of predictions that Christianity in China is at an end. But one's judgment in the matter depends upon his definition of Christianity.

Chinese distinguish at least three elements in the term, "Christianity." First, they say, Christianity is an expression of the transforming spirit of the founder of the Christian religion. Second, Christianity may be thought of as a formal organism built up of creeds, liturgies, and a complex administrative machinery. Finally, Christianity as seen by the average Chinese, may connote the philanthropic activities of its emissaries,—schools, hospitals, etc.

In general, the aim of missions is to get men to become followers of Jesus, to organize groups known as churches, and to cooperate with the local Chinese Christian forces in many constructive and benevolent enterprises. Up to the present, these enterprises have been set up by foreigners, manned by foreigners, and financed by foreign boards that operate from across the ocean. With the rising tide of nationalism in China today, we may question whether it is not these evidences of foreignism that are arousing opposition, rather than any inherent weakness in the Christian message.

The very foreignness of "foreign missions" has been their undoing. The isolation of the foreign controlled Christian enterprise in China must end. No longer can the old "compound wall" remain, whether it enclose a church, a hospital, or an educational establishment, as a symbol of the seclusiveness of the foreigner.

But this does not imply a fear that Christianity will disappear. On the contrary, the great mass of Chinese are friendly to Christianity,—friendly, not only because many of their children are taught in Christian schools or treated in mission hospitals, but because the foreign representatives of Christianity, with all their weaknesses, have been friendly, neighborly folk. China knows what Christianity has done to bring about a new social order—knows that the great social reforms, the campaigns against foot-binding and concubinage, against child slavery and intemperance, are largely the product of Christian impulse, initiated by the missionaries. More than that, the Christian movement rests upon large numbers of transformed individuals, who are a spiritual force in the land.

No, Christianity remains a vital force in China today. The very opposition to its foreign elements may be the needed factor in aiding its naturalization. If the movement is to survive in China, it must be adapted to its environment. In its effort to bring about the regeneration of the individual, Christianity must bear in mind his intimate connection with the social group,—a social group far more powerful and conservative than any in the West,—and must see to it that the individual's relation to the group is made vital and helpful. Christianity must also be alert to recognize the ethical and spiritual values present in the local environment, particularly in the indigenous religions. And above all, it must never become stagnant; it must be a working force that goes forward to transform and purify.

For this new adjustment, not compromise, but cooperation, is demanded. What is needed now is the realization that the quest for religious reality is a

common quest, one which can be fully attained only when men of different races make common cause and seek together.

The West does not comprehend the Oriental attitude toward religion. Religion as men of the West view it,—whether Roman Catholics or Protestants,—is exclusive, intolerant. The Chinese is hospitable to any religion, as he is to any guest. Again, religious emphasis is quite different in China. A New Englander means by Christian qualities the Spartan traits of truth, discipline, courage, endurance. The Chinese religious soul will be responsive on the contrary, to quite different elements in the Sermon on the Mount,—poverty in spirit, meekness, humility.

Once more, the militant spirit in religion is remote from Chinese thought. China was more readily won by the Buddhist pilgrim, who came without ostentation, who lived simply as one of the people. No wonder an Oriental inquires whether the spirit of display so evident in a Billy Sunday or an Aimee McPherson typifies the Western attitude toward religion.

Western Christianity must ask itself how much of its imported religious forms it will require the Chinese to accept. As a matter of fact, nothing is more refreshing today than to find an increasing readiness in Christian bodies to encourage the development of a thoroughly native form of organization in China.

It is safe to say, therefore, that the endurance of the Christian movement in China will depend upon its capacity to become naturalized. And the extent to which Christians support and participate in the new nationalistic movement will be one of the deciding factors in accelerating the process by which Christianity becomes naturalized there. Not on their party allegiance, but on their whole-hearted sharing in the larger movement that is working to build in China a free, modern state,—will Chinese Christians be judged.

In the stage at hand the mission may disappear. With this stage, the Christian Church of the West will offer men and women for such service as Chinese leaders may designate. President Burton

of Chicago said, shortly before his death: "Let us dare to put the leadership of the task into the hands of the Chinese. They may bungle it for a while. Very well. Better let them bungle it than keep it in our own hands, where it will always be bungled."

In such a movement, neither liturgy nor creed, neither church organization nor Christian philanthropy, shall be the criterion of growth, but only an endeavor to understand and exemplify the inner spirit of Jesus. Of the highly organized church government the Eastern Christian, from China and India, says: "If Christianity is a thing of form rather than of the spirit, I am not sure about committing myself to it." He is now skeptical about the extent to which he will be granted complete religious autonomy by Western churches. He fears that Western churches are not fully confident of the ability of Chinese churches to function in a really independent way. In other words, the solution of the problem depends largely on the extent to which autonomy is sought and fostered, and on the character and attitude of the emissaries who come to China as representatives of Western Christianity.

After all, much of the issue depends, not upon what happens in China, but upon what happens in the West. If the West gives evidence that Christianity can continue and increase as a vital force in modern civilization, its course in China will be more sure. But if the West discards Christianity, as some Orientals believe it is doing, then it is scarcely likely that China will accept and develop it for herself.

If the Christian movement in China becomes truly a spiritual Chinese movement, in which the West cooperates but claims no control and asks for no recognition, nothing can retard its progress. If Christianity can lay emphasis on its power to interpret the spirit of Jesus, and if the Western missionary can remain in China in the spirit of Him who said: "I am among you as one that serveth,"—conditions whose fulfillment seem both possible and likely,—we may say of its life in China: "It has only begun."

Safe in the Arms of Cræsus

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (October, '27)

Owen Wister

THE home voyage promised no dullness. Next my chair on deck was that of Andre Renaud; and the talk of this lively minded Frenchman would cheer the densest fog. He had come from his French University to teach at mine during the Great War, and between us all we had persuaded him to remain.

"And so you have been Seeing America First?" This was Renaud to me.

"No," I replied. "I've made a point of keeping clear of Americans."

"Of that I was sure. But my dear fellow! How has mankind ever learned the characteristics of anything except through comparing it with something else? How should we have discovered that night is dark if we had never seen day?"

"When your travel posters," he continued, "urge you to 'See America First,' what they are really advising is that you shall never see America at all. In selling you tickets to places where you will merely meet your own people and your own customs and standards, they make it virtually impossible for you to appreciate how good or how bad your manners are—and, like all the rest of the world, you have plenty of both. Hence I am certain that you have been Seeing America First. And so you should be able to tell me where it is that wicked Americans go when they die. When good ones die, they go to Paris. A wise Bostonian announced this many years ago. If Paris is your American Paradise," he concluded, "what is your American Hell?"

Well, he was up to something. Renaud was often up to something.

"Out with it," said I.

"No. You shall meditate. You have nine days. Find an epithet for

the occasionally great American people. When you find it you'll find also where it is that wicked Americans go when they die."

"Well, perhaps I will try. Hm."

But now the trumpeter sounded his call to dress for dinner. . . . My table companions in the dining-saloon were: a gentle lady from St. Paul; a handsome brute with an important necktie and teeth of strength; a Harvard boy, graduate of the Law School, home-bound for the bottom rung in a busy office; and a youthful editor. As I reached our table, the important man was saying in a voice like bronze:

"Sure we won the War for 'em. But it appears there is such a thing as being too proud to pay."

A misty distress was in the face of the gentle lady. "But do you think Belgium . . . Doesn't it seem as if we ought . . . The French surely—" The poor lady left it there.

"Business is business. Loans are loans," asserted the important man.

"Not Uncle Shylock, then?" inquired the Harvard boy, innocently. "Just Uncle Sham."

But the important man was far away. "This your first trip?" he asked, but not waiting to hear. "My home's in Los Angeles. I sailed January 29th. Cunard to Cherbourg. Made no stop in New York. There's nothing east of Chicago for us Californians. My company manufactures the greatest nerve food on earth. Here's our new ad."

He dealt leaflets about the table, as if they were cards. Some said, "Eat Muscatol and forget the Doctor"; others, "Eat Muscatol and forget Worry"; or, "Forget Wakefulness"; or Cold Feet, or Drab Thoughts—there must have been a dozen things which eating Muscatol would make you forget.

"Most interesting," murmured the lady from St. Paul, drawing away from her leaflet as if it were a beetle.

"But forgetting so many things—mightn't it make you absent-minded?" suggested the boy.

"It's a grape product," said the man. "Nature's Nerve Food. I've been pushing it among those folks." He jerked his head toward Europe. "Slow. That's what I call the British. If they don't drop their 'We've never done it that way,' they'll drop out. They're dense. Los Angeles has 1,100,000 inhabitants today. By 1935, we'll hit the 2,000,000 mark."

"Superb!" exclaimed the boy. "Inspirational. A mile is 5280 feet. Allow five feet per capita as the average length of your population." We watched him pencil a rapid sum. "Well, if you park your population and to end in 1935, they'll make a string of Los Angelians 1893 miles long. Most of the way to Chicago. Simply inspirational!"

"That's good publicity stuff," remarked Muscatol with approval. "Mind if I work it up?" Then he continued: "Europe must have been alive once. I've seen it all I want—London, Paris, Rome, their whole show. Those cathedrals and Michael Angelos are fair bric-a-brac. We'll buy some and move 'em here, maybe. I guess their Reims cathedral would advertise our products, if properly handled. Say, the blue water off our California coast makes their Mediterranean look white. This your first trip?"

"My seventh," said the boy.

"Well, their hotels are falling over one another putting in bathrooms. We're telling Europe where to get off."

"Isn't it glorious to lead the world in plumbing!" exclaimed the boy.

"Oh!" protested the gentle lady. "We lead it in kindness and generosity to all in misfortune."

"And in Art and Letters," said the boy with roguish mockery. "And in charm of manner, and courtesy to all nations."

"I can't bear to hear you say those things!" exclaimed the lady.

"This your first trip?" suddenly inquired Muscatol.

"My twelfth," replied the boy immediately.

"Well, come out and shake hands with Los Angeles. See our city grow overnight. We'll help you make up for the time Harvard wasted for you. If those colleges back East don't drop their highbrow stuff and teach our boys how to make money, they'll be dead as Europe. It's Europe's jealousy that calls us dollar-chasers. When a European catches sight of an American dollar he develops a speed that puts us among the Also Rans."

Just then Renaud passed our table. He glanced curiously at Muscatol. "What does America need most?" I inquired, reminded of the main epithet I was to find.

"Bigger and better publicity," said Muscatol, hitting the cloth with his fist. "It pays to advertise!"

"Who, I ask you," and the boy looked at us all, "who cares for scenery? What message have the woods? Will a bald rock tell you what soups you need? When a road-side board informs you that you are in Ophelia, the town that built the first Chinese laundry in Petroleum County, why waste money on school histories?"

"We want no books," said Muscatol. "Literature is what the American people want, and our company is giving it to them. One million spent on literature this year. By 1937 I'll have the American people educated up to eating Muscatol three times a day. This your first trip?"

"My fifteenth," said the boy.

"Take a card," said Muscatol to the boy. "My name is Cartwell Ross Cartwell."

"Call me Home Sweet Home," said the boy. "Glad to meet you."

"Well, Mr. Home, come out and shake hands with Los Angeles." And he and his cigar departed. . . .

When I sat down by Andre in the smoking room that night, he said:

"Who is your Roman? His words I did not catch, but his conquering voice reached me as I passed your table. He comes from your West, is it not so? There he is now. What a jolly time he

is having with that charming Harvard student and that editor. He is taking the whole smoking room into his vast confidence. All attend to him. Therefore, he is happy. From head to foot he is able, ruthless, and sensual—the stuff of the eternal conqueror. Don't look disgusted, my friend. The Romans were rough-necks when they started, and in a thousand years your American type will have developed a magnificent civilization. Rome was not built in a day. If the Romans when Athens was at her zenith in the fifth century before Christ had claimed that they were civilized, all Greece would have smiled—as Europe smiles at you today—except when your bad manners provoke a less indulgent emotion."

"Do you think anybody ever loves a creditor?"

"Never! Of course Europe is human. I am speaking of civilization, of which your masses—and you are a land of masses, not of Charles Eliots—do not yet comprehend the A B C. But you will have your turn as Europe has had hers—and it will be splendid. It is your bad luck to be living in a time of transition, which is always restless and ugly."

"What do you call the A B C of civilization?"

"Tolerance. Intellectual and moral tolerance, and to know the difference between idleness and leisure. Intolerance and aimless haste have always marked the savage, as they mark your masses. Christ was tolerant, and He admired the lilies of the field 'which toil not, neither do they spin.' Consider carefully the Roman at your table. He illustrates the main epithet. And he will go where all wicked Americans go—you'll tell me where, before we land."

Our ship steamed west across a sea over which from the west had passed a boy on wings, unknown, alone, unadvertised, with silent daring, without a boast. Wireless brought the news. The nations were choring anthems to the young viking of the air. Both Muscatol and the Editor wirelessly to Lindbergh, trying to harness him to their own carts.

"I'd have met any figures he wanted for 5000 words," said the Editor.

"He's not being handled right," said Muscatol somberly. "He's not cashing in on his publicity value."

Lunch was over, and the gentle lady said to me: "I wish to scold you. He's a lovely boy—who could help liking him?—and yet you feel no responsibility for him. He is too much in the company of that dreadful man telling his polluting stories in the smoking room. You have a bond with him. You, too, went to Harvard."

"Dear lady, he's 25 years old!"

"Yes, just the age of the boy who flew over the ocean and uplifted us all. Do you think that other boy would put up with that advertising monster and his quack food. He's true American."

"Who? The monster?"

"No, no, no, never!"

"But he seems so to me. Lindbergh has done this thing in an un-American way."

"How can you call his courage un-American?"

"Have Americans a monopoly in courage? Have you never heard of English courage, or French courage. Courage is everywhere. But this boy made ready without haste, set off without noise, arrived as if he had done nothing, stood the strain of mobs and kings and medals without a single break, and has flatly declined to capitalize his publicity. How many like him can you count against our native legion of Muscatols?"

"It's terrible to hear you talk as if you didn't love your country."

"Listen, dear lady," I said. "If any country has a better heart, or a more generous hand, or a higher aim than ours I've yet to learn its name. But if you, and people like you, can't bear to hear a word in criticism, isn't that a sort of complacent paralysis? Do you wish the Muscatols to prevail? It's the chip too often on our shoulder, the manner too often bumptious, the too constant showing off, the too ready loquacity, the overflowing bluster—if we were only as sure of ourselves as the English are we'd not mention our superiority so frequently; we'd take ourselves ever so much more for granted! Listen. When

I was 13, I came back from a winter in Rome, and was standing in my town, watching the sun set across a valley.

"And has thee ever seen," said a Quaker lady beside me, "in thy European travels anything equal to that?"

"Have you ever," I answered, "stood on the Pincian Hill and seen the sun set behind the dome of St. Peters?"

"In Paris when I was 22, a very rich lady gave a ball in her house facing the Arc de Triomphe. Wishing to break the record, she planned to illuminate the Arc as a feature for her party. When they told her that she couldn't use a public monument for a private purpose she offered to hire the Arc for the evening.

"You will recall that another private American citizen organized a peace ship when pretty much all Europe was fighting for its life, and expected a dozen armies and several fleets to stop on his account. He was going to 'have the boys out of the trenches by Christmas.'

"You may recall that a group of American females sent word to Europe that if Europe gave up wine and took to water we might forgive their war debt.

"Do you remember that when the French franc was sinking to nothing and France was wrung with misery a young American lighted his cigarette with a French bank note? . . . That other young Americans pasted French bank-notes on their valises, like hotel labels . . . That a young American girl went to a fancy ball in Paris with a costume made of French money?"

The poor lady clapped her hands over her ears. "I'll not hear such things!" she exclaimed, and she hurried away.

There's a lot of shirking disagreeable facts in the name of patriotism. Our good qualities are no answer to our bad manners. It's these that set the pace at home and give offense abroad. It's not our idealism that's so visible to Europe just now; it's the huge glare of our immodesty. . . .

After walking the deck with the boy, we met Andre. He said to the student: "May I congratulate you on your high honors at graduation?"

"Why, how do you come to know that?"

"We professors hear things. You were recommended as secretary to the most distinguished member of your Supreme Court at Washington."

The talk finally drifted to the question of where wicked Americans go when they die. "A bottle of champagne to you if I fail to guess, you to pay if I win," I said to Andre.

"Another between us on similar terms?" said the boy.

"Agreed."

"May the youngest guess first?" the boy asked, charmingly. "It flashed on me like an inspiration. Watch Americans parade. Always parading. Elks, Shriners; and Muscatol is a parade all by himself, all the time. Do Americans speak only once. Listen to 'em. Do you notice much silence? Then the boosters. Publicity. If you're giving a dinner, put it in the paper. If you're getting hanged, put it in the paper. What do Americans love most? Publicity. Therefore, my guess is: Wicked Americans when they die go to Eternal Privacy."

"I pay for your bottle," said Andre. "Your turn," and he turned to me

"The main epithet for America just now is *immodest*. I don't mean indecent. We're a decent people—though young writers are trying hard to be indecent—but they can't do it gracefully. I mean immodest, self-praising, self-advertising, loud."

"I must pay for your bottle also," said Andre. . . .

When we had docked the next day, a gentle hand was laid upon my arm. It was the lady from St. Paul. "I am to deliver a message to you. The boy asked me to tell you that he has decided not to practice law. He is going into that grape-food company in Los Angeles. And you could have stopped it!" she exclaimed. Tears were in her eyes.

Scarce six months later a brilliant Muscatol literature was blazing in every magazine and every landscape. It held the eye, it caught the brain. The boy was quite obviously safe in the arms of Croesus.

So They Say

Excerpts from The Golden Book

MR.S. Sidney M. Williams, whose pet dogs, especially a favorite black-and-tan, Francie, recently returned from a European trip with her: "It costs \$4000 a year to keep Francie. My dogs have a private room and a maid to look after them. They all have various costumes. Whenever Francie goes out at night with me, she wears evening clothes, just as I do."

Frank Branch Riley, of Oregon, traveler and lecturer: "In New England, where the universities rub elbows, I find that the very first question asked you is, 'What do you know?' . . . Then we go into the South, the romantic South of color and cotton, manners and hospitality, and I find the first question of importance is 'Who are you?' In New York it is, 'How much have you got?' But out here in my West the eager question is, 'What can you do?'"

A negro cook, explaining her family affairs to her white mistress: "Yas'm, I got five children: I had two by mah fus husban', an' one by dis Sam husban' I got now—an' den I had two by mahsef."

George Jean Nathan, American critic: "If there is, with the single exception of Miss Helen Wills, a woman tennis-player or swimmer or horse-fanatic or gutta-percha ball-pounder who, even in her late twenties, doesn't look like an old apple, I am either taking the wrong rotogravure section or losing my eyesight."

Clara Eames, actress: "Beauty to me is a thrilling force. It's like electricity. Some women are charged with it. It illumines everything they do."

Miss Helen Garrett, who has worked with Dr. Grenfell in Labrador: "There is little or no milk in the Labrador country. As a general rule a babe is weaned on weak tea. They believe that the tongue of a woodpecker, worn about the neck, is a sure preventive of toothache."

Roberta Semple, 16, daughter of Aimee Semple McPherson, preaches in Hammond, Ind.: "Two who make company are God and yourself. When the devil comes in, he makes three, and it is a crowd."

San Diego Union: "When we are able to see over the telephones we may get a lot of pleasure out of calling the wrong numbers."

Dr. George A. Dorsey, anthropologist and author: "Give me a newborn child, and in ten years I can have him so scared he'll never dare to lift his voice above a whisper, or so brave that he'll fear nothing."

Captain Charles Nungesser, French aviator, before he was lost on his transatlantic flight: "He who dies, dies once; but he who fears death dies a thousand times."

Elsie Ferguson, distinguished actress since 1901: "It is not enough to be physically beautiful today. It is the vitality of people's relation to life that matters."

D. W. Campbell, of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce: "More persons were kicked to death by mules last year than were killed in airplane accidents."

Mihai, five-year-old king of Rumania, makes his first speech after inheriting a crown and a fortune of nearly \$70,000,000: "But won't I be allowed to play any more?"

M. J. Nugent, in the Irish Independent: "It is quite clear that all the troubles of the world are really due to people being awake so much, and that sleep is society's only safeguard."

Dr. Amos O. Squire, physician at Sing Sing Prison: "Most women who commit murder are acquitted, and the worst that can be done to them for committing murder is a 52-weeks' engagement in vaudeville."

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, London surgeon, editor and author, revises "Mother Goose":

"Four and twenty Yankees,
Feeling very dry,
Went into Canada
For a little rye.
When the rye was opened
They began to sing,
'Who the hell is Coolidge?
God save the King!'"

Dr. William J. Mayo, of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn.: "A specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less."

Deems Taylor, composer: "All you have to do to write music is to remember a tune that's never been written."

L. W. Flaunlacher, New York real estate operator: "Two years ago we were given to sell a piece of property north of 34th Street. The price asked was \$550,000. It was hard to find a buyer. In a short time the price was advanced to \$650,000 and then it went to \$850,000. It was sold recently, but the buyer had to pay \$1,300,000 for it. He has refused \$1,500,000 for the parcel."

James Truslow Adams, historian and author: "Perhaps it would be a good idea, fantastic as it sounds, to muffle every telephone, stop every motor and halt all activity for an hour some day, to give people a chance to ponder for a few minutes on what it is all about, why they are living and what they really want."

Macy Campbell, professor of Rural Education in Iowa State Teachers College: "In some of the most run-out rural communities (in Indiana) from which the more capable young people had been drawn away generation after generation, as high as 27 percent of the children in the rural schools were found to be feeble-minded."

Bishop Collins Denny, to the North Carolina Methodist Conference: "Wear a mustache. That's all the women have left us. . . It is your badge of masculinity."

Roscoe C. Edlund, Director of the Cleanliness Institute: "There are children even in cities like New York and Chicago who come to school 'sewed in for the winter,' and whose undergarments

are changed but once or twice a season."

A New York mother, of a two-year-old boy: "Yes, Donald goes to that new school. He's two now. He got A in climbing and sliding, but he failed in his pouring. He's so awkward with his sand."

Walter Hagen, former Golf Champion: "It isn't the mistake in games that costs so much. It's the mental attitude after the mistake is made that makes or breaks."

E. W. Howe, editor and publisher: "When I am sitting in a room with women I note they are always pulling down their skirts. Why didn't they make them longer before they came?"

H. L. Boekenhoff, President of National Restauranteur's Association: "The day of the sword-swallower is gone. The American people have improved their table manners 100 percent in the last decade. They no longer essay to balance peas on their knives, and the consumption of soup generally is a less noisy process. Few indeed drink hot coffee from their saucers."

Mme. Jean Lanvin, French dressmaker: "There are no old women in the United States. They are all young. And they wear their clothes better than any women in the world."

Hon. Vincent Massey, first Minister from Canada to the United States: "A sentry between the United States and Canada would be about as appropriate as a fire extinguisher on top of the Great Pyramid."

W. B. Maxwell, English novelist: "Life is the only thing that matters. And the only real crime is not to live it to the full."

Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, at Mysore University, India: "Modern life with its hurry and whirl seems to have banished leisure, poise, serenity of outlook."

Vladimir de Pachmann, Russian pianist: "When I was young, I was an earnest student of mineralogy. . . For a long time I carried the gem stones about with me, spreading them on the piano, and trying to translate their sparkle and brilliance into terms of sound."

If I Were Mayor

Condensed from Plain Talk (October, '27)

Will Durant, Author of "The Story of Philosophy"

IF I were mayor I would summon an Assembly of Notables, ask their advice and aid, and agree to abide by their recommendations. These Notables would be chosen by themselves; every profession, every trade, every science, every art would choose its ablest representatives. Then I would say to them:

"A great metropolis must avail itself of the organized knowledge of its most skilled citizens; we cannot rule ourselves any longer by haphazard balloting. The city comes to you now out of its chaos to submit voluntarily to a government by intelligence. We have progressed in everything but the art of public administration. The city wishes to be taken out of the hands of politics, and to put itself humbly in the care of science, ability, and wisdom. The power is yours; I shall do your bidding."

Our Notables would divide into committees designed, by the character of their membership, to deal with the divers problems of the city. Then gradually they would pass from study to recommendation, and the new city state would begin to form.

Many would be shocked when the biological committee enunciated the startling conception of parentage as a restricted privilege. Motherhood and paternity, which had lately seemed to be disabilities and burdens, were now to be an honor and a distinction. Only sound people should be permitted to reproduce. But how would our Notables effect this strange decree, without falling into a vicious circle of compulsions and restraints, without writing their will irksomely upon their neighbor's lives?

Let us picture our Assembly doing an unheard-of thing—passing a law that shall restrain itself alone. Its members

shall not have offspring without submitting to every test that may reveal some transmissible defect of body or of mind. For the fate of a state is determined above all by the quality of its inhabitants, by their health and vigor and intelligence. Mental and physical failures must receive no encouragement to reproduction; and every encouragement must be offered to those who excel in strength or beauty of body, in depth or nobility of soul.

For the rest, our Assembly would rely upon persuasion and the superiority of example to precept. Let our new leaders take these eugenic vows, and shortly it will be a matter of pride with emulative millions to live up to the new and fashionable code. Our committee would turn to the schools and to the press as its organs of executive fulfillment. It would set in motion all possible facilities for the development in the public mind of a revulsion against the propagation of inferiority, weakness, or disease. If one year a hundred million people can be turned from peace to war by the power of written or spoken words and the example of a few, there is no reason why that vast mechanism of suggestion and instruction should not be turned to the uses of Utopia.

Our second committee would report on problems of health. Having arranged for a stream of perfect children, it would be necessary to preserve them when they came. The health of nations is more vital than the wealth of nations; the city's health should stand above every other phase of municipal enterprise. Our Assembly would solicit funds for hospitals that would be models of cleanliness and competence and courtesy (and not, as now, institutions for the experimental vivisection of the poor); hospitals where

preventive advice would be free to all, and curative treatment available at cost. And every school would equip itself with gymnasium and baths, and throw open its doors to adults and children, inviting them to make sound bodies for their growing minds.

Above all, the schools would execute for health. They would spend far more time on instruction in diet and habit, building up a morality of health. See the people of that new world—living mostly out of doors, riding less and walking more, seeing less games and playing more, earning less of a living and living more. What else matters if we are in good health, and perfect children romp in our fields?

Nevertheless the fine body is a perfection unfulfilled if it does not flower out with an able mind. Our ideal city would spend unstintedly upon education. We would raise the rewards and standards of our teachers, and make their profession noble with the highest. The school would be the physical, intellectual and moral center of the community, open at almost all hours for every developing activity. Its libraries, lecture halls and reading rooms would invite the soul to enter the Country of the Mind. Municipal scholarships would help the cleverer children of the poor to higher education. Adult education in a hundred forms would reveal education as not the privilege of youth but as coincident with life. How many noble things could be if, as Carlyle prayed, a kind heaven would give us the wisdom to ask our wisest men to rule!

But knowledge is vanity if it does not make for beauty. Our ideal city would try to end the divorce of art from life. It would offer handsome scholarships in every field. It would call for a thousand architects to make every home an individual thing, expressing fitly some unduplicable thing. It would build a hundred halls and stadiums and fill them with music worthy to be heard. Rich men would be encouraged, as in Athens, to finance music and the drama, and to offer lavish prizes, every year, for every achievement in literature.

A committee would study and guide the economic life of the city. The

chaos of our food supply would be ended, and supervision would establish some regularity in costs and qualities. Six milkmen would not serve one house, each awakening its sleepers at a different hour. The municipality would own its public utilities, and perhaps its supply of water power. Electricity would give us a smokeless city, quieter and cleaner factories, better-spaced-out homes that might rescue the decaying institution of the family, and an industry that would no longer be dishonored with inhuman and unnecessary slavery.

The delightful recommendations herein detailed might be paid for out of increased levies on inheritance, luxuries, unearned income, and those large-scale amusements which stimulate the senses without developing the soul.

Cities will never cease from ill until they seek their rulers not in political machines, but in training schools that will prepare men as carefully for the tasks of municipal and state administration as men are now prepared for law or medicine. And so our political committee would establish chairs of practical administration in every university in the state, and encourage the development of the city-manager plan, and instil into the public mind the novel idea that only those—and all those—should be eligible for public office who can give evidence of specific preparation. With municipal scholarships making educational opportunity equal there would be no violation of democracy in such a plan.

Are these things impossible? Only thinking them makes them so. Many wilder hopes have been fulfilled. The intelligence to make these visions real exists; we need only ask it to come and labor for us. We have not the courage of our education; we distrust the specialist and seem to prefer congenial misrule to the quiet authority of knowledge. But there are portents of a fairer city about us; we need only draw our Utopias a little closer by looking at them steadily, and moulding our lives on the pictures we see. When enough of us see the picture clearly, and live it resolutely in our lives, Utopia will find its way out of our hearts into the world.

Blonde Beauty in History and Legend

Condensed from *The Mentor* (October, '27)

Hiram Blauvelt

THE first of all blondes was Eve—as "blonde as wheat," so tradition tells us. Inasmuch as Lilith—Adam's first wife, according to the Talmud—was blonde, as well as Eve, it appears that the human story began with two blonde women. The blonde type has been a potent type in making history ever since, and has been portrayed with gorgeous richness in art, literature and the drama.

The most famous of all blondes was Venus. Poets have sung of her as "the golden, sweet-smiling Aphrodite, who rules the hearts of men." The ancient Greeks were authorities on beauty and it is significant that their goddess of love and beauty should have been blonde. The Romans also conceded golden tresses to Venus. Sufficient proof of this have I seen with my own eyes in a statue of Venus recently excavated in the Lybian Desert, in the wavy folds of whose locks still adhered some of the original yellow pigment used to color the hair of the statue. It will be remembered that the Greeks and even the Romans painted their statues in full colors.

In mythology the blonde woman is particularly prevalent, for practically all the major goddesses are fair-haired. And man's conceptions of gods and goddesses are naturally the emanation of his own preferences and ideals. On this subject Lafcadio Hearn says, "We feel more reverence for blonde beauty not only because it seems a reflection of celestial loveliness but because it bears, with us, the suggestion of force, will, strength and loyalty—the glory of the north—cold, fresh, strong and immortal."

If we look back to the beginnings it is not hard to find a natural origin of blonde preference. We see in the first

months of a baby's life the history of the race in miniature. We know how the baby's attention is arrested by any bright object, and how it reacts with pleasure to all things that glisten. From the dawn of time these impressions on the primitive childlike mind were of a similar kind. Just as babies are attracted to a bright light, a shiny gold watch, so things that were bright early excited the prehistoric mind—hence worship of bright things: fire worship, sun worship, star worship, and worship of gold and silver idols. It is easy then to conceive of the joy and pleasant stimulating effect on the primitive mind of the sight of gleaming, golden hair.

Zeus, king of the gods, surrounded himself with blondes. His wife, Juno, was blonde. Diana, goddess of the moon, quite properly had golden hair. Athena, goddess of wisdom, was blonde. Aurora, goddess of the dawn, was light-haired, as were the twelve Horae, "Daughters of Sunrise." Phryne, Rhodope, Psyche were blonde. In Norse mythology Fricka, wife of Odin, king of gods, was blonde; and also Freya, most propitious goddess of love, spring and flowers.

Seraphs and angels are almost universally pictured as blondes. Fairies are usually light-haired in popular conception, and mermaids—especially Wagner's Rhine maidens. The most beautiful creature of German folk song, the Lorelei, maiden of the Rhine, sat singing on her water-bound rock combing her golden tresses and luring river boatmen to their death.

Orientalists have awe and godlike fear of fair-haired beauty. A woman for many years a missionary in China told me that their lives on a journey into the interior had once been saved when set upon by bandits, when these fearless

barbarians saw her small blonde-haired, blue-eyed daughter. They immediately said that this little child was a very wise old woman and had already been 100 years old on the day she was born. They treated her with reverence due a goddess and escorted the party back to safety.

St. Gregory the Great, about the end of the sixth century, had noted the white bodies, fair faces and golden hair of some slaves who stood bound in the market places of Rome, brought all the way there from Britain. The slave dealer answered upon inquiry, "They are English—Angles." "Not Angles, but angels," said St. Gregory, "with faces so angel-like and fair."

One of the most famous blonde women in history was the fair Lady Godiva, who lived in 11th-century England. She begged her husband, Leofric, Earl of Chester, to relieve Coventry of a burdensome toll. He consented by imposing on her the brutal condition that she should ride naked through the market place. This she did on a white horse, covered only by her "streaming golden hair," and she won relief for the people. In some versions of the story the people so loved and respected her that they kept within their homes, and did not look upon her. One fellow—"peeping Tom"—disobeyed and was struck with blindness. Her festival is still celebrated at Coventry, England.

Spain we naturally think of as a land of brunettes, but Isabella, Queen of Spain, who helped Columbus to equip himself in 1492, was a "fair shapely woman with a clear complexion and eyes between green and blue." Even black-haired Italy has contributed glorious blondes to history. Of the pair immortalized by Dante, Paolo and Francesca, Paolo says about his love's golden tresses, "I, like a miser, run my fingers through your hair." The beauteous Isabella d'Este of Italy, who made history in the middle ages, had fair hair and white skin, as we may see in Titian's portrait at Vienna. Lucrezia Borgia, skilled in intrigues and politics, had "a golden crown of such resplendent hair as brought to mind the tresses of God's angels."

In literature great are the number of blonde heroines. Mr. Thackeray's immortal Becky Sharp was "sandy-haired." George Eliot gives us Romola, with "hair of a reddish-gold color, enriched by an unbroken small ripple." Anatole France sent Thais out into the city streets one night, "with her blonde hair hidden beneath the dark hood." The hair of Roxane, most beautiful object of the pure impassioned love of Cyrano de Bergerac, is as a "shining light" at which he dare not, like the sun, look too long, lest he be dazzled as with "golden clouds"!

Shakespeare, greatest of bards, had a definite preference for the blonde type, since many of his most important characters had golden tresses. There are, for instance, those lines about Portia, "Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece." The gentle Rosalind is portrayed as a blonde, and Cordelia.

Innumerable are the exponents of blonde beauty throughout drama and poetry. Tennyson, in his "Idylls of the King," pictures the marvelously fair Elaine, love of Lancelot, with "all her bright hair streaming down."

It is significant that, in opera, the heroine is usually a blonde,—with the aid of a wig, if the natural color is lacking—while the "other woman" is a brunette.

Titian gained his world-wide reputation because of the exquisite shades of golden hair in his paintings, known ever since as "Titian blonde." Rubens, famous Flemish painter, inclined toward golden hair, while the whole Venetian school of Italy, spreading to other parts, have painted exquisitely the Titian blonde. A large proportion of the beauties shown in the most famous paintings will be found Titian-haired.

Although it is easy to prove any premise by isolated instances, such a mass of blonde evidence cannot be lightly overlooked. Blonde women of natural golden tresses have been famous through history, counting among their number queens, saints, sinners and great ladies of all times.

The Day After Tomorrow

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan (October, '27)

Sir Philip Gibbs

WE ourselves are the architects of the future. We cannot evade that responsibility. The beauty of the world to come or its ugliness, the happiness of its people or their misery, the downfall of their civilization or their advance to a more splendid destiny, are being prepared now by what is happening in our own minds and by the weakness or the strength that we hand down to them.

The world at present is not on its way to peace, though there are many peacemakers. It is well on its way to a series of wars which may culminate in some new world war for our children's children. It is becoming more difficult, rather than less, to isolate the areas of strife because nations are being brought nearer together by more rapid means of transport and communication.

On May 21 the whole imagination of the world was thrilled by Lindbergh's flight. He was the herald of a new age—this Air Age which is to change every aspect of life and break all its old traditions. So it would be if men rose as high in spiritual ideals as they can lift their bodies in the sky. But alas, our minds still remain earth-bound and in the flights of Lindbergh and his followers there is a threat as well as a hope. What Lindbergh has done, others will do, "not as single spies but in battalions."

This victory of flight is creating new fears in the minds of men rather than new hopes. It is creating new suspicions and rivalries. Germany is making a network over Europe with her aerial services, and France is uneasy. Russia is buying airplanes and sending some of them to China. Great Britain is developing aircraft at great cost to her overburdened taxpayers and relying on

that weapon, very largely, to hold the restive peoples in her Eastern Empire. Italy has some wonderful airmen and many aircraft factories.

There is something sinister in all this. It betrays some hidden fear of the future. In spite of agencies of peace, there is uneasiness in Europe. Few people believe now that the map of Europe as it was made by the Peace of Versailles will remain unaltered.

Hungary, amputated, with many of her people under alien rule, is impatient for something to "slip." Italy, under Mussolini, loudly exclaims that she must "expand or burst." Mussolini calls for an army of five million men. What for? Against whom? Germany, honestly working for peace under Stresemann's present policy, envisages the time when she must repudiate the Dawes agreement and demand the revision of her treaties and say to France, "What about it?" and to England, "On which side will you be next time?" and to the world, "We are strong again, after those years of weakness and humiliation." Russia dreams bad dreams. Her rulers still hope that evil will prevail and that Europe may be flung again into furnace fires. Wholly hostile to Western civilization, they turn eastwards for their greatest hopes of raising trouble.

The tragedy of it is that the very peacemakers are now talking of "preparedness" again, and are afraid of moving in the direction of disarmament lest they should find themselves unarmed among their enemies. Who can say they are wrong, looking at the mind and morals of the world?

There is, however, one great power working in the minds of men which is perhaps the only force capable of preventing another world war. It is

the power of fear. It is the wise fear that another Armageddon involving the European nations will inevitably lead to the annihilation of their civilization and open wide the gates to the rising tide of color.

There is no doubt about the results of such a war. It is the sober, unexaggerated warning of all scientists who know the enormous development of the means of slaughter since the end of the last great war. We were just getting into our stride when it finished. In the war of the future if it happens between the industrial powers, the great cities will be attacked instantly by swarms of aircraft dropping bombs enormously more destructive than any used in the last conflict. There will be no trenches for the protection of human bodies, for they would be soaked with poison gas and captured by battalions of tanks advancing behind smoke screens. It is highly probable that these armies will be provided with instruments which will create a zone of death by the projection of rays which will blind and burn all living creatures.

The ranks of the new armies will be filled by women as well as men. There will be squadrons of women pilots, and armored cars will be driven into the fighting line by "flappers." For it is inconceivable that the women of tomorrow, sharing all the liberties of men, all their work, all their sports, in absolute equality, will shelter themselves behind the plea of being the weaker sex. Beyond all doubt there will be armies of young women, officered by their own sex and ready for any risk of death or for any desperate adventure. They will be as brave as men, as skilful in their use of arms.

Why is there so much unrest in the world today? Science, as it is misunderstood by the people, has tended to destroy belief in a future life, and has caused a weakening of faith in God. Man from the beginning of time reconciled himself to many temporal disappointments and sufferings by faith in a future life, when he would get reward for good service, self-sacrifice, and obedience to the code of virtue in his religion. There is no longer that reconciliation

between suffering here and happiness hereafter. Not believing in the hereafter, men and women of all classes and races are desperate for immediate satisfaction of their hopes and needs. Individuals refuse obedience to any authority of parents, or rulers, or state systems, or religious codes, because these authorities deny them things which they covet. Everyone is in a hurry to get what he can here and now. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." "Let us put away the women—or the men—we are tired of, and find new love elsewhere, for tomorrow we die!" "Why be virtuous if it means a limitation of desire? Why not wallow in vice if it amuses us, or commit any crime if it produces wealth, or engage in any kind of war? Because there is no God, and tomorrow we die, and there's not much time ahead for the fulfilment of our worldly ambitions and our instincts of egotism." Nations stirred with these desires of wealth and self-interest, will fight to the death for other people's territories.

Without some kind of religion, some other-worldliness, some spiritual hope and faith, civilization cannot exist. All history shows that civilization dies when the gods are dethroned. Somehow we must get back to God, and that is very difficult for modern minds, who have lost simplicity.

Yet I believe—I dare to believe—that before the Day after Tomorrow faith will be reborn. New prophets will arise. There will be a call back to a more spiritual conception of life. Men and women will be reconciled again to the hardships and difficulties of this adventure on earth because they will be certain that it is not the end of the journey and that there is a chance of happiness ahead. That will be when new calamities threaten the world, and when either that vision of hope must appear or we shall go down in darkness and despair.

The Day after Tomorrow will be shaped by the spirit, the faith and the courage which stir in humanity today. Let us then create men and women of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

What Are You Afraid Of?

Condensed from The American Magazine (October, '27)

An interview with Dr. David Mitchell by A. E. Wiggam

WOULDN'T it be a "grand and glorious feeling" to suddenly discover that you were not afraid of anything? Well, you can attain such a state of mind. There are only two natural, unavoidable fears. All except these are *learned* fears; and, just as you have *learned* them, you can also *unlearn* them. You can *educate yourself* to become free from fear, worry, and lack of self-confidence by building up *simple* and ultimately fool-proof *systems of habit*, which will make these things a practical impossibility in your life.

We are born with only two fears. A baby shows signs of fright only upon hearing a loud noise of some kind, or when placed so that it feels in danger of falling. All fears but these two are learned fears. If they are learned, they can also be unlearned. And that is my business as a consulting psychologist: to teach people *how to unlearn their fears*.

If a child had the necessary training, if nobody ever talked fear around it, and if it were never frightened, it would grow up to a life entirely free from fear. I've seen it done. I've known two youngsters for ten years who, as far as we can discover, have never known the emotion of fear. To give but two examples: They sleep alone in a big house without *thinking* of being afraid. They also go out when necessary any hour of the night without fear. Their absence of fear is due chiefly to the fact that they have rarely, if ever, heard of fear. The boys have been punished when necessary by depriving them of privileges and the like, but never by whippings or dark closets or "bogies" of policemen and things that would cause fear.

I know a woman who is obsessed with

a fear of burglars. Now, there is *always* a *beginning somewhere to every fear*. I discovered that when she was a child, her mother would double-lock the street door, then look under the beds and into the closets, as though burglars made these places a frequent resort. Lastly, she would look under the girl's bed, and securely lock her door. Of course the child grew up with the idea that burglars were about as common as flies in summer time!

The fear "I won't make good" is the commonest fear. It's the curse of humanity, and entirely useless. It crushes the heart out of people, saps their nerve, and pretty well insures that they won't and can't make good. It most frequently comes from the *demands made upon people to try things which are beyond their physical, mental, and temperamental capacities*. Our schools are the worst offenders in this. They require children to do things which our tests *prove* that more than 50 percent of them cannot do. These children can do other things just as important—or more important. But just because of these foolish demands and false standards, the schools actually drill into the children the habit of fear, and the feeling of failure. The children do their best and fail, and soon are filled with all sorts of fears and feelings of inferiority, which spread over their whole lives.

I don't believe in what is popularly called "will." Most people imagine that will power is some mysterious mental dynamo that can be summoned, some sort of fierce determination, which adds something new to your power. Will, in my belief, is a *system of habits*. You can strengthen these habit systems, so that you can immensely increase the drive of your powers. But you do not

do it by some supreme inner effort. You do it merely by exercising a long series of choices of the right action, instead of the wrong action.

By thus acting a great many times in the right way, you develop these habit systems. They gradually become the main body and drive of your whole life. In time, these habit systems grow so strong that they literally head off any thoughts of doing any other way. In time, without hesitation, you express the whole force of your personality in the desirable direction.

It sometimes takes a good while to build up new habits. Here, for example, was a young man who was so afraid of going up on high places that he could not go above the second floor of a building. I found it all went back to three childhood situations. (1) A jovial old uncle used to catch him and hold him dangling over an open well while the little fellow screamed in terror. (2) His teacher, in order to discipline him, used to threaten to drop him out of the third-story window. (3) His father had done precisely what he should not have done. He dragged him frequently to the edges of cliffs and high buildings, and said, "I'll break you of this fear." Oh, if parents would only get over this foolish idea of "breaking children's wills," and "conquering them"!

I first built up his *confidence that he could overcome his fear*. I showed him that there was no *reality* to his fears. If there were, everybody would be afraid. I mapped out a program: "You will go so many times this day to the second story of a building, and so many times tomorrow." In time, I had him going up in elevators and everywhere, without thought of being afraid.

Just as the greatest fear is the fear that you won't make good, so the greatest cure is building up confidence that you *can and will make good*. And it is truly amazing what a simple process it is by which most people have lost their self-confidence, and what a simple mental trick it is to get it back.

I have a simple little scheme for restoring self-confidence that works astonishingly well. It is so simple you

may at first think it absurd. But just try it. It gets results. The scheme is this: I have my clients make a list of 40 or 50 common everyday performances, such, for example, as driving a car, playing the piano, making a speech, superintending the work of others, acting as host or hostess, telling a story, and the like. (As each person makes his own list, he naturally lists things in which he is fairly good.) Next I have them rate their ability in these performances on a scale from 1 to 5. Then I have them rate ten of their friends on the same performances, and compare their total scores with the total scores of each one of their friends. The point in the scheme is this: A man loses his confidence in himself by a general blanket judgment of his own inability and inferiority. And what this scheme does is that it substitutes in the place of a man's blanket judgment of inferiority, a set of particular judgments of his ability in particular performances.

The great trouble with people who are fearful, blue, depressed, worried and afraid that they won't make good, is that they won't face *reality*. Frequently, their parents have shielded them so and made decisions for them until they are bewildered when they have to make decisions about real things for themselves. Parents should realize that their big job is to teach a child independent *command of life*.

Some day, and that very soon, we are going to revamp our ideas of education and of what makes an educated man. Anyone who is afraid of the ordinary trials and difficulties of life, and fearful of failure, is *not in any sense an educated person*.

We shall begin first with the parents, and show them that when they talk fear and lack of confidence in the home, and when they dominate, threaten, rebuke, frighten, and ridicule a child, they are wounding its mind and heart, and marking it with the brand of fear and failure for life. We shall next take the school-teachers, and show them the folly of setting tasks for children at which over one half are bound to fail. Every child's mental abilities will be measured, and tasks set at which each child can succeed with the joy of success.

Religion in Education

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (October, '27)

Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor

NOT only must our young be trained in the art of making a living—they must be trained in the art of life itself. We need well-rounded personalities. We must teach the head, the hand, and the heart. A schoolboy may be taught three or four languages and yet never be quickened to germinate an idea of his own for the rest of his life. True education means, not a pumping-in of facts, but a drawing-out of inner ability.

It was Ruskin who said, "All education should be moral first; intellectual secondarily." Men may say what they will, but we shall never have a morality that respects the rights and integrity of others unless our morality has a religious sanction. To put morality on anything but a religious basis is to build on sand. It is religion that gives vision, strength, inspiration, and without it we are nothing.

Russian schools teach that science permits no belief but one founded on materialism. But does science prove that religion is false and only matter is true? It not only doesn't; it can't. Science has separated matter into molecules, atoms, and electrons, but the scientist is no closer to the answer to what is life than before. Beyond a certain point no scientist has ever gone. Even if everything is traced back to a single cell, what then? No one has explained where that cell came from, nor the dynamic force that gives it life. When confronted with the question, "What is life?" the scientist is as much at sea as the savage.

Even science itself today is becoming less and less materialistic. We were once taught that matter was an indestructible something made up of elements eternal and never to be divided. But we

have lived to see the famous atom divided and redivided. We know it is not even matter, but electricity. In simple words, we can not lift our eyes above the material objects about us, without running straight into God. We employ electricity every day, but when we stop to wonder what this electricity really is, we drop into the deepest mystery of human thought. If you stop to consider, you can not press an electric button without touching God.

Orthodox science never remains orthodox for very long. But if science outlives all these changes in belief, so will religion survive all changes of belief. The more humanity learns from science, the more it has to wonder at the mystery of life and the nearness of God. And some of our university professors ought to wake up to this fact.

I have children, and I want them to grow up believing that religion has a genuine message for them, as it has for me. I don't want them to develop into atheists and materialists. If there is no truth in religion, of what earthly use would life be? If the world were under the control of blind forces operating without any direction, if there were no plan behind the creation of the world and man, and if after our little span of life here we were to lie down for eternity in a dreamless sleep, then I do not see what inspiration life would have for any of us.

Teach a boy that he is nothing but an animated clod, that he is living in a godless world made up of a few gases and other elements, and what is there to inspire him to live a creditable life? Virtue has to be cultivated, and we can never succeed in that if we let go our hold on religion.

No nation ever lived and prospered

without a religious faith of some sort. The pagans were not irreligious people. In their best days, both the Greeks and the Romans were highly religious people who worshipped their deities with elaborate rites and faithfully learned their sacred writings.

No people has ever found a purely intellectual education enough in itself. One of the greatest scholars of his day, Lord Bacon, took bribes as a judge on the bench, and eventually found himself a prisoner in the Tower of London. Are we not tending to be strangely neglectful of the heart in our education? Our children are taught everything that may enter the head, but little or nothing to warm the heart, to provide any satisfaction for the deeper feelings and emotions. It was said of one of our earlier poets that he allowed his mind to squeeze his heart. Is that not becoming the condition of us all? We are deluged with economics, science, business, and we tend to keep religious feeling and the love of beauty in the background. We have reduced to a science the making of bread, in the Biblical sense; but it is still true that man lives not by bread alone.

We everlastingly talk of the number of pigs we slaughter, the bushels of wheat we raise, the number of automobiles we manufacture, and we say too little of the things that count after all. We everlastingly talk of how to make a living, and think too little of how life may be most nobly lived. Of all the arts, life itself is the finest art, and to live well we must make an art of it.

The very fact that so many of the nation's writers do not proclaim their religious convictions in their works is all the more reason why we should bring religion into the child's education. I do not mean dogma; I mean the spirit of reverence, the feeling that we must live nobly in order to conform to the Divine plan. By all means let us go on learning how to make money but let us also learn to give out free riches of heart and mind that no money can buy. The man whose education has been without the moral and religious factors that stir him to be kind and helpful to others and upright in the sight of his God, has missed the finest satisfactions of life.

I thoroughly believe that man has been placed here in accordance with a divine plan, to work out his gradual development. Century by century men have done this. As if urged by some divine spark from within, they have managed to rise slowly, for all their stumbles. We of this day owe an extra contribution to the rise of man, because of the greater knowledge we have gained over life and nature. But I fear the people of this prosperous and richest of countries run a fearful danger. Our riches in material things are so great that we tend to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of strictly material things. It is more than ever a time to cultivate the riches of the mind and the spirit.

If we are to pass the torch of civilization along to our successors, we must be doubly sure how we live today. We must study to live nobly in the sight of God and each other. I would define morality as the science of behaving decently toward each other. Any code of morals would suit me, if it led to that end, just as any form of religion a man chose would seem good to me if it had as its end the putting of that man in harmony with his Maker. I don't care what particular system is used in teaching morals or religion, but I say the soul of this nation will die if we do not instill in the minds and hearts of our children some proper form of moral and religious sense.

I believe that these orgies of jazz, flapperism, and so on, are an expression of a hungry and unsatisfied soul within us. It seems to me that we have learned that material things are not enough. Our very excesses are our blind fumbblings for something that *will* satisfy this restless stirring within us. We need to be given satisfying outlets for the mysteries and wonders that are in us. Teach children to love beauty, and to find it and live it. Morality is nothing but fineness of conduct. But even this is not enough. "Deep within himself man wants more than the approval of his fellow beings, he wants the approval of his God. Education will never be education until it supplies every being with the moral training that he needs for the one approval, the religious quickening that he needs for the other."

A Criminal in Every Family

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (October, '27)

Edward Weeks

LATELY I have become increasingly aware of the difference in my attitude when I am driving my car and when I am on foot. By preference I walk to my office. I am resentful when I find the traffic signals against me, and I soon lose patience. At the least opening I make a dash for the opposite curb. When the pedestrian signal is given, should a car turn in upon us from a side street I not only refuse to hurry but glare angrily at the driver. For I am very jealous of my rights as a pedestrian.

It is an entirely different matter when I am at the wheel. When the traffic signals are against me, I simply cannot understand how the pedestrians can be so slow. If I dodge a jaywalker, "Did you see that fool?" I ask my wife. "Why can't they stay where they belong." I insist on the right of way, and devil take the hindmost!

More irritating than the pedestrian is the rivalry that soon develops between me and the cars going in the same direction. I know my car: I know that its best gait is between 25 and 33 miles an hour, and rarely do I push it faster. But there is in me some pride that protests against taking the dust from cars of my own class or those of cheaper makes. I pull over for a Pierce or a Packard without demur. But if in my reflector I see the approach of a smaller car my foot goes down on the accelerator and I am none too ready to take to the side. I notice this same sense of rivalry when I in turn overhaul the fellow ahead of me. We rush along like two angry chariot drivers, until with a final burst of speed I cut in ahead just in time to avoid the worried driver approaching in the opposite direction. You see this taking place on any highway. What a

superior sensation it is to pass another car! Without doubt it is human nature; without doubt it is dangerous driving.

But just as sharp as rivalry is the spur of time. Clear of your first suburbs, your carelessness sets in. At first you disregard the white lines painted on the curves; then perhaps you pass a truck on the upgrade and below the crest of a hill. You go through a small hamlet without slackening—and miss a dog by a hair. On the mad Saturday rush to the beach I have seen cars sweep by a discharging trolley car or even around its blind side—and "get away with it." On goes the mad rush. We have time for only the scantiest attention to side roads, and even less for judging what the other fellow might do. A car coming in at a crossroads must give way. "I had the right of way," I explained heatedly to my passenger after one screeching dodge. "Yes," he said frankly, "the right of way to Hell." "Faster! Faster!" cries Time. At last I arrive, having "saved" perhaps 15 minutes—and lost my temper, nerve, and appetite. No wonder there are accidents.

From distances up to 25 miles people motor to their work. At the day's end there comes a rush for home. Now on congested roads the majority of us are well-behaved. But the minority we always have with us. They cut in front of us at the barest pretext, form a triple line at every hold-up, disregard electric signals, smash rules and fenders at will. They are a physical menace, and they distract the attention of the careful drivers. They largely account for the fact that accidents in every urban district reach their high point between the "Death Hours" of 5 and 6 P. M.

Such, then, are the common failings—

jaywalking, disregard for the pedestrian, motor rivalry, the race against time, and contemptuous commuting. For what are they responsible?

In 1926 they were responsible for about 23,000 deaths. In my state, in 1926, motorists were responsible for 27,436 recorded accidents (Heaven knows how many were unrecorded), injuring 25,351 and killing 705. Respectable casualties for any civil war. The Motor Registrar was only able to analyze the more serious of these accidents, which have been traced to the following causes:

Brakes defective	92 cases
Confused operator	167
Cutting in ahead	129
Inattention (carelessness)	1024
Obstructed view	123
Intoxicated operator	103
Skidding	123
Inexperience	117
Too close to other vehicles	107
Too fast for conditions	1667
Violating right-of-way law	173
Child darting in front	406
Pedestrian running across street ..	314
Pedestrian from behind vehicle	106
Pedestrian walking along road	237

Observe that only one charge can in any way be attributed to the machine; observe the carelessness, the predilection for speeding, and the disregard for what the pedestrian may do.

Clearly more discipline ought to come from public opinion, which today is almost conscienceless in the matter. I am confident that three out of four motorists who read this have been in an accident, and that the same proportion know within their acquaintance of at least one person who has been mortally wounded. Yet our attitude is heedless. Summonses for speeding are like notches in our forefathers' rifles, a mark of bravado. And it is an exceptional family whose motorists have not answered to this or an equivalent charge at least once. A criminal in every family.

Still we speed on, confident that our brakes will hold, that the other fellow

will slow down, that our insurance will meet any ordinary emergency—confident that we can "get away with it."

How are we to be brought to our senses? In two ways, I think. First, by aroused public opinion, and secondly, by the increased severity and justice of the police supervision. We need skilled propagandists to "popularize" the idea of safety. Each Monday the Registrar of my state has printed in local newspapers in a black-bordered box the list of motor victims of the preceding week. This is beginning to make an impression. Last year he revoked over 18,000 licenses and this year he estimates that the total will be 24,000. What is more, he has proved that the punishment does teach its lesson. There are very few "repeaters." And fatalities are proportionately decreasing.

It is almost unbelievable that today only 16 states out of the 48 require licenses. The remainder issue number plates without even a perfunctory driving test.

Motor traps and fines where drivers are, all but very technically, innocent, should be abolished, as they only serve to increase the antagonism between the driver and the police.

I submit that a national speed limit should be established on our main highways. It should vary for three zones: business districts, suburbs, and open country. Were signs posted announcing our entrance into each zone, and were the residential districts with their numerous cross streets controlled by flash signals, we should conform far more than we do to the ever-varying conditions of today—and there would be fewer arrests. . . . The reckless driver should have maximum fines, fines that really "hurt," and certain loss of license for a serious offense.

Above all, we need more tolerance for pedestrians, less rivalry with the man ahead, and whenever possible a disregard for that fatal habit of "saving time."

The New Exploration

Condensed from The Century Magazine (October, '27)

Fitzhugh Green

COLUMBUS discovered America in the *Nina*, *Pinta* and *Santa Maria*, and it cost him \$2115. The New York Times and St. Louis Post-Dispatch paid Amundsen approximately \$200,000 for a north pole date line.

The explorer of yesterday was a man with a good digestion, strong heart and a burning aspiration to *get somewhere*. Today, the primary asset of an explorer is his organizing and administrative ability backed by an engaging personality.

The leader of a modern expedition sets about his work much as would the promoter of some new industry. Let us say he is an American and proposes to fly from New York to Berlin by way of the pole. He assumes he needs an airship, two rescue ships, one on each side of the Polar Sea, and plenty of food and equipment. He estimates the rough total cost at \$1,000,000.

He first wins support of the army or navy by referring to the publicity value of his project. Some capitalist, who also doesn't object to publicity, comes next. New land may be named after him. The names of capitalists are already scattered over Arctic, South American and African maps.

Aeronautical and scientific bodies depend on publicity for their nourishment. The leader finds them at once responsive. Through them eminent scientific colleagues are secured. An expedition without first-rate scientists representing the major departments of research, can scarcely claim wide public attention. It lacks dramatic potentialities.

Now the leader makes his first announcement to the press. The lid is off. Bidding begins. In ten days he signs contracts with a newspaper syndicate,

a magazine editor, a lecture bureau, a book publishing house and a film corporation. In short, the leader finds himself the administrator of a huge business enterprise. He must be a shrewd business man, a canny politician and an adroit manager.

In a sense there is nothing left to explore. Yet there is certainly a continuation of exploration. Byrd and Ellsworth are planning further arctic work, MacMillan went again to Labrador this year and Beebe worked in the Caribbean. Major Forbes-Leith plans to enter the fastnesses of eastern Persia after the wild Persian ass, Commander Dyott is just back from the River of Doubt, Nansen plans to send a huge dirigible from Germany across the pole and Roy Andrews is chafing at the bit while Chinese turmoil holds up his search for ancient man. James Clark is home from Tibet and Hurley, Mawson, Wilkins, Davis, Putnam and a score of others are assiduously preparing for excursions out beyond the fringes of civilization. Certainly the exploring business is not dead even if the explorer as a type, seems to have passed out.

Seven eighths of the earth's surface has never been gazed on by human eye! The statement loses color, however, when qualified to mean that surface under water. The bottom of the sea is the greatest field left for the explorer. For great depths, 5000 to 10,000 feet, Beebe will use a "self-contained diving suit." He will have himself lowered in a massive steel cylinder designed to withstand enormous pressure. It is being built by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Some hint of what he will find has already been brought up during his entertaining "Arcturus" cruise. He declares that creatures in those strata

carry their own illumination. It is an electric-lighted world.

Then there is the upper layer of the atmosphere, about which man knows little. Sir Cobham points out that flight at an altitude around 50,000 feet will enable a plane to attain speed bordering on 1000 miles an hour. This means circumnavigating the globe in a day. Macready's work above 30,000 feet, lends some hope that these wild dreams may one day be realized. He has flown comfortably above Dayton, Ohio, in temperatures 80 degrees below zero, in an air so rare that but a few moments of it causes the aviator to lose consciousness.

The earth's interior is still a gorgeous riddle. An eminent engineer recently estimated that a hole in the ground deep enough to add measurably to our knowledge of the earth's crust, would cost a minimum of \$70,000,000. A few years ago an oil well 5000 feet deep was a curiosity—drillers this year have gone down 8000 feet.

The explorer as a type has passed, but his prototype remains. What is the best use to which civilization can put these men who would be Columbuses and Magellans, Scotts and Pearys, had they lived in the age of pure exploration?

Since 1920 the population of the United States has increased about 13,000,000. This increase by itself is greater than the entire population of Canada. It won't be over 50 years, some statisticians claim, before we reach the 200,000,000 mark. The world's population is increasing enormously.

Here then is a germ for innumerable exploring expeditions: pioneering voyages between population centers to establish better communication lines, and voyages out into the waste spaces

to begin developing sources of food and raw supplies for the world's swarming humanity.

This year's New York to Paris flight is a good sample of the former. The 1927 Geological Survey's expedition to Alaska, is a sample of the latter. Both cater to the problem of swollen populations.

The British Air Ministry is going to construct a huge dirigible that will connect her colonies by air. It will be more than twice the size of the *Shenandoah*. The range of this ship will be 9000 miles, and she will be able to carry 100 passengers with baggage. . . The Great Colon Company of Spain which has the backing of the Spanish Government, has ordered three huge dirigibles for service between Europe and South America.

There are at least two heavily capitalized companies enlisting crack aviators for exploration and mapping of remote regions that may hold "white coal." More water power must now be sought for mankind. Oil companies are looking for new fields; this form of exploration is but a forerunner of intensive scouring of the globe from end to end for more coal, oil and other deposits that might be turned into fuel. Russia, England and France are already busy exploring remote swamp and desert areas.

That the explorer has ceased to be a leathery-skinned zealot with often more back than brain, does not belie the fact that his soul goes marching on. The romantic explorer as a type has passed. His successor is outwardly much changed. Yet inwardly our shrewd urbane leaders of spectacular flights and voyages have not changed: they are the bold resourceful adventurers of old. Much of mankind's future lies in their hands.

Cracker-Barrel Diplomacy

Condensed from *The World's Work* (October, '27)

Henry Kittredge Norton

THERE was a time when the Secretary of State was pretty much the department. The staff easily carried the routine work. Questions of high policy were rare. But today, no human mind can comprehend in their entirety all of the complicated problems which go to make up the tangled network of present-day world-politics. We have suddenly stepped into the front rank of nations in power, wealth and influence. Only the best brains we can find will be adequate to the task of guiding the destinies of the nation.

American business has discovered not only that two heads are better than one but that a half-dozen heads are better than two, so much better that it is willing to pay what is necessary to get the best brains available and then rub them together until it strikes out the biggest ideas of which they are capable. Because of this, the organization of American business stands as a model for the world. The State Department, however, furnishes no such model for the foreign offices of other nations.

While a man may enter the Foreign Service at a salary of \$2400 a year, he enters the staff of the Department of State at \$1320. Thus, while the Foreign Service is able to attract a fair selection of the best material in each year's crop of college graduates, the State Department receives few applications except from those who are unable to get good jobs elsewhere. . . After 15 or 20 years of faithful service in the Department, a man can look forward to the munificent income of \$3600—in a few cases \$4000—a year. Any one who has tried to bring up a family in Washington knows what this means. It means, in one case at least, that one of the responsible officers of the State Department

gets up at five o'clock every Monday morning and does the family wash.

Perhaps the worst feature of the present system is that there is practically no possibility of training and developing men from lower grades to fill the higher offices in the Department. In the main, there is no way open from the lower offices of the Department to the higher executive positions and also, in the main, there is no material in the lower offices which could be developed for the higher offices if the way were open.

One of the most responsible positions in the Department of State is the Solicitor. Every document of importance leaving the Department must receive his approval so that no rights may be inadvertently prejudiced. It is a post which requires abilities which would command in private practice an income which would run to five or six figures. The United States pays for this service \$6000 a year.

Above the six Chiefs of Geographical Division are four Assistant Secretaries of State and the Under Secretary. These are the executive officers who administer the Department and Foreign Service, who give instructions to ambassadors and ministers, and who directly aid the Secretary in shaping the policies which guide the destinies of the country. To each of these five officials a parsimonious government offers \$7500 a year—about half of what it costs them to live suitably in the capital. It is hard to convince five men possessing the qualifications that these posts demand, that they should go on indefinitely paying out their own funds for the privilege of serving the government.

Finding a lot of offices requiring

ability far beyond the reach of the salaries attached to them, the Secretary is forced to fall back upon the Foreign Service. One after another is called back to Washington to assume executive responsibility. There are now more than 50 Foreign Service officers in Washington working alongside members of the staff who for the same work,—often more important work,—receive half the salary. The effect upon the morale of the Department is obvious. At the present time five of the Chiefs of Division—all Foreign Service men—receive higher salaries than their superior officers, the Assistant Secretaries of State and the Under Secretary. No such condition would be tolerated in private business for five minutes.

Recently three Ministers to posts in Europe were appointed. Two of them were Assistant Secretaries of State, the third was chairman of the Personnel Board. Thus three of the eight most important positions of the Department were vacated on the same day and the Secretary faced with the necessity of filling them as best he could. But that is not all. The offices from which these new Ministers were "promoted" are of far greater importance and require higher qualifications than the posts to which they have been sent. In fact, they will receive instructions in their new posts from the very men who succeed them at their desks in the State Department. And yet, because of our topsy-turvy salary system, it is a promotion to go from Assistant Secretary at \$7500 a year to Minister at \$10,000.

There are a number of evils which must be recognized with regard to the organization of the State Department and the necessary steps taken to improve them. Some of these steps can be taken by the administration without legislation, but the most important ones require action by Congress.

First, we must recognize that the Rogers Act did not provide us with an effective Foreign Service. It simply opened the way for young college men to enter the diplomatic service with the prospect of making it a career. Neither in numbers nor in qualifications, have

we an adequate diplomatic personnel, nor shall we have until a decade or two have passed and years of experience have brought wisdom to the young men who have entered the service under the Rogers Act. In the meantime we should continue the former practice of calling in qualified men from other fields who are willing to make the necessary financial sacrifices to represent the United States at the capitals of foreign countries.

Second, the posts of Under Secretary, Assistant Secretary, and Chief of Division should be put on a salary basis which will enable the Secretary of State to call to them the best-qualified men in the country and make them the goal of the ambitions of both the men in the Foreign Service and the staff officers of the Department. They should not be mere way-stations on the road to the legations.

Further, the important positions in the Department should be provided with salaries which will attract able men.

This costs money; but we are paying for inadequacies in our diplomacy manifold what would enable us to have an efficient service. We appropriate \$675,000,000 a year for the Army and Navy. For the State Department, upon whose careful handling of our international relations depends the momentous matter of whether we bring the Army and Navy into action, we appropriate less than \$10,000,000. The Department's income, moreover, from consular fees, passport fees, and other sources runs over \$8,500,000 a year. And the changes necessary for the reorganization of the Department could all be taken care of by appropriating only \$200,000 or \$300,000 more.

In the days to come, when the piloting of our ship of state through the increasingly congested waters of world politics will require skill of the highest order, it would be a national folly to allow false economy to delay us in spending the small sums necessary to give us more adequate guidance. The days of "cracker-barrel" diplomacy are over. We need an effective State Department and we cannot move too quickly to get it.

The World's Greatest Espionage System

Condensed from *Liberty* (January 1, '27)

Florabel Muir

AT least 3,000,000 persons are members of the most amazing espionage system in history. Each member of this vast army is a sensitive feeler put out by the 1050 insurance companies of the United States to gauge the moral fiber of applicants for policies.

All this came about a little more than 40 years ago, when insurance officials began conning their records and found that the Biblical aphorism, "The wages of sin is death," is entirely in accord with the facts. They discovered that death comes early to the majority of those who transgress the moral code. Thus began a system for discovering the secrets of those undesirables whose moral frailty might cost the insurance companies millions of dollars in premature death claims. The need for this personal investigation becomes clearer when it is remembered that there are in the United States nearly 150 persons, any one of whose death would cost the underwriters \$1,000,000 or more.

The insurance espionage system is divided into two groups: inspectors and correspondents. The inspectors are high-salaried men who have been trained thoroughly to judge human nature. They guide the activities of the correspondents, who are paid by the number of reports turned in by them. The New York Life Insurance Company has 110,000 correspondents, with 35 inspectors in charge. The Mutual Life has 40 inspectors, with at least two correspondents in every town in the United States. In the cities its correspondents run into the thousands. And all the other companies have a personnel commensurate with their size. In addition, there is the Hooper-Holmes Company and the Retail Credit Association of Atlanta, both employing a battalion of informants in every city

and hamlet in the United States. These two concerns assist principally the forces of the smaller insurance companies.

Prior to 1884 the life insurance companies concentrated their attention on the physical hazards involved in writing a policy. But one element baffled their actuaries: Moral frailty could not be estimated in percentage.

Great care began to be taken in investigating death claims. Private detective agencies were employed to run down possible fraud. But losses continued to grow—out of proportion to the actuarial figures. Then came Daniel G. Gillette. He was in the secret service of the Department of Justice. His brother, an employe of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, had a client whom he believed to be advancing a fraudulent claim. He asked Dan to investigate, and so satisfactory were the results that the Mutual Life hired Dan away from the government and set up its own secret inspection department.

Soon it was discovered that investigating claims after death was much the same as locking the barn door after the horse had been stolen. Why not find out something about the moral or immoral tendencies of an applicant before writing the insurance? This was the argument advanced by Mr. Gillette.

Other companies saw that the Mutual Life was beginning to profit by the course and adopted a similar plan. The system grew with amazing rapidity, until now it records more than 1,500,000 reports a year.

Mistakes are made, of course, but so efficient has the system of inspection become that many companies will now write small policies—from \$1000 to \$2000—without a medical examination.

It is natural that the larger the risk to be assumed the more rigid the moral inspection will be. Before one can qualify as a gilt-edge risk for insurance in any considerable amount—say \$10,000 or more—it is necessary to pass a character test with a good grade.

The records of the insurance espionage system are guarded closely, and all concerned are prohibited from giving out any information under penalty of two years' imprisonment. The impeccable reputations of many men and women might be shattered, and the possibility of blackmail plots must also be considered.

Only the highest class of individuals is employed for insurance investigation. The names affixed to insurance reports are those of leading citizens everywhere—lawyers, bankers, clergymen. A good investigator is a shrewd judge of character, a quick thinker, and an efficient reporter. But, above all, he must be a diplomat. His delicate inquiries must be conducted rapidly, without arousing resentment. The investigator's usual success in this latter respect is indicated by the fact that, although these investigations are constantly being made in all parts of the country, few people are aware of it.

Virtually everyone who has a wide acquaintance among prosperous citizens has at some time or other been approached by an insurance investigator. These investigators usually conceal the serious purpose of their visits, or veil them under "a mere matter of form." But let the man being questioned hesitate a little, or smile, or unconsciously shrug his shoulders at one of those guarded, indirect queries about the applicant's habits and conduct, and the investigator will probably pick up the clew at once.

Violation of any one of three of the Ten Commandments will deprive most men and women of insurance, and failure to observe most of the other commandments will cost him or her an extra premium to compensate the insurance companies for the additional hazard. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not kill." These are the

three commandments upon which the underwriters lay the most stress. Discovery of their violation by any applicant for insurance is almost always fatal to his case.

Bootleggers also have been barred, as well as bankers and brokers who secretly finance the illicit liquor rings. The reason is that they are likely to be shot. No known criminal may insure himself—and many persons whom the police have never caught are listed as criminals in the underwriters' files. . . . Women seeking insurance are subjected to a sterner moral test than men. Only recently a well known actress, in sound health and of high professional standing, was refused a \$1,000,000 policy on the ground that she had a lover.

A certain proportion of the public always has considered the insurance companies fair game for swindling schemes. The detection of these transgressors is also part of the work of the espionage system. Burglary insurance offers the greatest temptations to the dishonest. Fire insurance used to be the greatest source of grief to insurance companies, but precaution and detailed investigation have cut that down.

Police records show that there are not enough burglars plying their trade to perpetrate all the thefts reported to the insurance companies. It is believed by many inspectors that 90 percent of all burglaries reported are dishonest. It is a favorite trick to report the loss of diamonds handed down by ancestors. How can an investigator appraise a stone purchased by a great-aunt in '49?

Inspectors and correspondents act independently of the sales force of insurance companies. In fact, agents scarcely ever know who are making reports to the companies they represent. The wisdom of such a procedure may be seen as the result of the case of T. B. Adams, a farmer of Willisville, Arkansas. Adams died, and the claim for \$5000 was paid without being questioned. Then a rumor reached the home office that caused an investigation. It was learned that no such person as Adams had ever existed, and that the local agent was in the plot to rob his own company of \$5000.

Does Science Conflict with Religion?

Excerpts from *Popular Science Monthly* (October, '27)

A Symposium

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM,
Publisher, Author, Explorer:

It is my belief that people who cannot reconcile science and religion are too stupid or too uneducated to understand either or both.

Christianity's conception of God is that of an invisible super-person who created the world. Science is man's gradual interpretation of the phenomena of Nature. In other words, God created what science is simply doing its best, in a slow faltering way, to understand.

Science is Christianity's greatest chance to understand God. And every step upward in science accentuates the supreme artisanship of the Almighty.

Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York:

God is truth and if we are to be faithful to Him we must place loyalty to the truth first and above all else. There can be no real conflict between the truth made known to us by science and the truth revealed in Christ. The supposed antagonism between religion and science belongs to a day that has passed. We see the greatest scientists accepting, as Lord Kelvin did, the truth of the Christian Religion, and we see the greatest Christian scholars, men who believe the Christian Faith in its fullness, accepting with their whole hearts and minds every fact that science has established.

There is nothing in the Christian Faith which conflicts with the scientific theory of evolution. On the contrary, this hypothesis seems to make clearer the glory and power of God the Creator of all, and it harmonizes with God's method of revealing Himself to men gradually, through the long course of history, as recorded in the Bible. . .

There is no discovery of science which debars any sincere person from full and humble faith in Jesus Christ as God and Saviour.

James J. Davis, U. S. Secretary of Labor:

I firmly believe that in the heart of every scientist, the deeper he delves into the mysteries of this world, the more respect and admiration he has for the God who created it.

There is a point in religion and in science beyond which mere man cannot go without meeting the Unknowable, the creative source of all things. Beyond that point man must accept some things on faith, and there are just as many things to be accepted on faith in science as there are in religion. We know that the invention of the microscope alone sent a number of previously accepted theories into the discard.

Many other discoveries have from time to time compelled the revision of the scientific attitude regarding various phases of the physical world.

The theory of evolution is just another scientific theory, an hypothesis, an attempt to draw a logical conclusion from a careful tabulation of the large mass of data on hand. Science might trace everything down to a single living cell, but where did this cell come from and what gives it this mysterious force we call life?

Religion is man's expression of reverence for the Creator, but science is interested only in observation, experiment, and the discovery of the laws that govern the universe. The Bible tells things in poetry; science puts them into cold, hard figures and laws. There can be no conflict between the two.

Rev. Stephen S. Wise, Ph. D., LL. D.,
Rabbi, Free Synagogue, New York:

The Biblical account of creation does not purport to be a scientific statement; for one reason, because there was no such thing as the possibility of scientific statement when the Biblical account of creation was written; in the next place, because the Biblical account of creation is a poetic interpretation, not a statement of scientific investigation.

Science no more invalidates religion than religion invalidates science.

Heber D. Curtis, Ph. D., Astronomer;
Director, Allegheny Observatory, Pitts-
burgh, Pa.:

In poetic form and with oriental imagery, the Hebrew sage told his story of creation; the simplicity of his measured and dignified picture sometimes blinds us to the essential fact that it was he who first clearly saw the one Power behind it all, and that this is the measure of his inspiration, rather than the precision of his picture.

The modern scientist differs from the poet of three millennia ago simply in that he sees more steps of the creative progression. Scientific study leads us inevitably to a wider, more wonderful and more awe-inspiring comprehension of the universe; nor can such study, if it be rightly regarded, diminish any belief in God or the teachings of the Nazarene.

Dr. Frank Crane, Clergyman, Journal-
ist, Author:

The Biblical account of creation simply speaks of things that God did—it does not say how He did them. The scientists' discovery was merely the discovery of the manner in which God works. Science found out that the Creator grows things, but does not make them. God builds a tree by making the oak grow out of the acorn. That is His process. And there is nothing antagonistic in it to the Biblical account. The Bible was not intended to increase our scientific knowledge. It is to enspirit us. This it does.

Vernon Kellogg, M. S., LL. D., Sc. D.,
Zoologist; Author; Secretary, National
Research Council, Washington, D. C.:

It is asked how the scientific theory of world evolution may be harmonized with the Biblical account. It may well first be asked how the account of creation in the first chapter of Genesis can be harmonized with the account in the second chapter. The answer in both cases is that neither of these Biblical accounts is to be looked on as a literal description of world creation. They are both great poetic pictures and should be so viewed by scientist and religionist alike.

One can believe in the Bible but not accept it for something it was not intended to be. The Bible contains the greatest basis we know for human philosophy and human behavior. But it is not a scientific manual of astronomy, geology and physics, and it should not be degraded from its high estate by making it pretend to be such a manual. Scientific men are kinder to the Bible than are its literalistic upholders. They accept it as a book greater than any scientific book. They do not want it to be looked on as anything less than that.

Bruce Barton, Author of *The Man Nobody Knows*, and *The Book Nobody Knows*:

When theologians presume to prescribe the boundaries of truth they put themselves in the impossible position of most of their predecessors through the Middle Ages. When scientists presume to announce that man is merely material, coming from nothing and bound nowhere, and that the universe is a meaningless riddle, they are equally out of their depth.

The real scientific spirit was exemplified by Laplace, who, having devoted his life to finding new knowledge, died exclaiming: "What we know is nothing, what we do not know is immense." And the real religious spirit is Kant's, who looks at the firmament above, and the moral nature within, and bows his head in reverent awe.

The Divine Right to Look Human

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (October, '27)

Richard J. Walsh

THE beauty business is front-page news today. A pugilist has his nose straightened. A society leader has stitches taken in the corners of her mouth to give her a perpetual cupid's bow. Another has a permanent blush pricked into her cheeks with an electric needle. Another has her lips reddened by tattooing. If through a mistake one of the seekers after beauty comes out scarred the headlines are all the bigger.

Because of this publicity the beauty business has become confused in the public mind. On one flank are the reputable plastic surgeons and dermatologists. On the other flank is the vast and growing array of beauty shops. In between is a horde of charlatans.

There is the man who advertises: "Your face lifted for \$50." There is the X-ray office which removes superfluous hair, often with dire consequences. There is the shop in which untrained girls use the dangerous electric needle for the removal of warts or moles or hairs. There is the specialist who will try to wipe away wrinkles, freckles or even scars with a preparation which contains deadly carbolic acid. Until recently the New York telephone directory contained a long list of "dermatologists," of which the County Medical Society complained that "there is not one real physician, not one bona fide skin specialist in the entire list."

Facial surgery, properly practiced, is a noble art. "Every human being has the divine right to look human," says Dr. Wm. J. Mayo. "One of the compensations of the Great War was the development of plastic surgery, a new special field which has given astonishing results." It offers new hope for those whose faces are so far from human that

they cannot find work, for those who shrink from the stares of passers-by, who even discover or imagine disgust in the eyes of their families and so shut themselves up in their rooms to brood on the horror that they see in their mirrors. No longer need one carry through life an embarrassing birthmark or a broken nose. Wonders are being performed in replacing eyelids destroyed by burns or accidents, in the repair of the cul-de-sac of the eye; in cases of cleft palate and of hare lip. A skilled surgeon can turn in a thick lower lip with a few stitches. He can set back outstanding ears. He can slice away a double chin.

But the regular practitioners know the extreme delicacy of facial operations and they know that the slightest error may leave a visible scar which may handicap the patient for life. They bitterly resent the invasion of the quacks. There are beauty doctors who alter the contour of the face with paraffin. But the after-effects may be frightful—inflammation, discoloration, abscesses, tumors, sudden blindness. The paraffin may not stay where put; it may gravitate downward, creating an ugly painful swelling. Another discredited practice is building up the structure of the face with inorganic substances such as gold, silver, rubber, ivory and celluloid. The proper method is to use cartilage from another part of the body. *"Living tissue is intolerant of the presence of any non-living body and will not rest until it has been cast out."*

Even greater gamblers are the doctors who are using the X-ray to remove superfluous hair. Unless carefully controlled and safeguarded, the X-ray is highly destructive. Yet thousands of people are ignorantly allowing themselves

to be exposed to this deadly force in order to have hair removed. The girl with a noticeable mustache or with black hairs on her chin despairs of finding either a job or a husband. The accepted way to remove superfluous hair permanently is with the electric needle. If done by a trained physician the method is safe and the results permanent. The trouble is that it is likely to hurt. Thus we read advertisements of a method which employs "no electric needles or chemicals; is painless and guaranteed permanent." This means X-ray.

"The X-ray is a damnable instrument in the hands of an ignorant person," says the Health Commissioner of New York. "I have seen countless cases of women whose faces have been disfigured for life with the burns received from such treatment." Tumors may also follow or even malignant cancer.

Because of the outcry against the dangers of the X-ray some quacks who use it claim that they are using something else. Recently a New York court tried an important case in which a woman charged that she had been permanently disfigured by X-ray treatment. She went to him in January, 1921. He told her that he did not use the X-ray but a tube of his own invention and that he would guarantee to remove the growth of black hair on her face in 25 to 30 treatments at \$1 each.

Altogether she had taken 1400 treatments. Under oath the doctor was gradually compelled to admit that girls with no knowledge either of medicine or electricity directed the rays to which his patients were exposed.

This case is of national importance, for machines such as were used on this unfortunate girl have been introduced in many parts of the country. They are rented to "agencies" for large amounts, and the advertising of some of these agencies is reminiscent of patent medicine exploitation.

"The vampires and pirates of quackery are bleeding the people," says Dr. A. T. McCormack. "They are capitalizing the lack of discrimination of the average person as to what constitutes a qualified practitioner." There is no uniform

standard which determines who is a doctor and who is not. Different states have different laws as to what constitutes medical practice. In many places the old-time family doctor simply does not exist any more. Millions of people do not know where to turn when something is wrong with them. As Dr. S. D. Hubbard of the N. Y. Dept. of Health puts it, "They will run up anybody's stoop where they see a doctor's sign, and let him treat them if they like his necktie or his smile." In an age of marvelous inventions they are easily led to believe that chemistry or electricity can cure all sorts of ills.

Because the beauty business is in tune with the spirit of our times, because people who will neglect a bodily pain will go to any length when their vanity is wounded, the beauty quacks are multiplying everywhere. Most of their victims are people of little means and little knowledge—poor men whose deformed noses prevent them from finding employment or shop girls who will pay out all their wages week after week for treatments which they hope will make them more attractive to their employers or their sweethearts. But many others are well-to-do women who ought to know better.

No amount of law will prevent the swindling and injuries and occasional deaths that now occur, unless the people who want to be beautiful will learn these simple rules for their guidance:

1. Do not let anyone but a regular doctor try to remove wrinkles, moles, freckles, scars, peel your face, or lift your face, or change the shape of any of your features.
2. Never go to any doctor as the result of reading an advertisement. Any doctor who advertises is likely to be a quack.
3. Before you go to any specialist, consult your family doctor if you have one.
4. If you have no family doctor, consult your board of health.
5. If you don't trust your board of health, write for advice to the nearest hospital or medical school or local medical society.

Dry Rot

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (September 17, '27)

Major Chester P. Mills

WITHIN a year after Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews engaged me as federal prohibition administrator of the New York district on the solemn agreement that there would be no political interference, he warned me I was hopelessly in bad with the politicians and that something must be done about it. I was told to advise with the local party leaders regarding appointments to the force of 240 men working under me.

In scores of cases involving useless and venal agents, suspected alcohol permittees and outlaw breweries, I felt the working of the political machine whose wheels do not grind slowly although they grind exceeding fine. Through weeks and months contests with the politicians multiplied. Bickering increased until finally action taken against the four worst agents I have ever encountered provoked the politicians into open enmity.

Friedenberg, Levy, Manzella and Kerrigan were the names of the men involved. Friedenberg was caught red-handed. We raided a beer dump on the West side, and were told to get off the premises, as the place was protected by Friedenberg. We telephoned Friedenberg's office, and were told to leave the beer-dump unmolested. . . Levy perjured himself in filling out the sworn employment blank by declaring on oath that he had never been in the wine or liquor business. But we discovered that he had been a partner in an illegal sacramental wine store with a man named Cantor, after having bought the store and wine permit from an accommodating rabbi. Levy also had a brother whose whisky permit was revoked when he was found diverting wine and whisky into bootleg channels.

Manzella, an illiterate ward heeler, was charged by one Anthony Moscolo with attempting to extort \$500 for a

favorable report on Moscolo's use of denatured alcohol in his chemical laboratories. . . Kerrigan, a strong-arm political henchman, figured in a murder trial as one of the survivors of a riotous party in Brooklyn. Newspapers at the time carried Kerrigan's unrepudiated boast that his job as a dry agent was worth between \$40,000 and \$50,000 a year. Kerrigan was later arrested for being in possession of burglar's tools.

My stubborn refusal to reinstate these four men brought a hurry call to Washington. At a conference in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, General Andrews and Congressman Mills, then slated to be under-secretary, called me to account. Mr. Mills said bluntly: "Let's talk patronage, not efficiency." General Andrews urged me to make peace with the politicians by reinstating both the crooks and the bunglers. Pressure, he said, was being brought in the highest quarters.

General Andrews ordered me to consult Charles D. Hilles, national committeeman of the Republican party from New York State. Hilles apportioned by counties the number of agents I had to appoint. I told him that I must be the sole judge of the efficiency of my staff. He pointed out that the patronage system prevailed in every prohibition district throughout the country and that my territory would not be an exception.

The vast detail involved in keeping track of hundreds of men and thousands of separate cases exceeded anything I had known as a staff officer under General Harbord in France. Yet I found more than half my hours occupied by negotiations and rows with politicians—and this is a job where politics had been barred by fiat of the highest ranking officer in the service. And from what I learned at frequent zone confer-

ences in Washington, our experience with sharp practice and demoralizing political interference is typical of all districts.

Senator Stansfield of Oregon wired me urging the appointment of a certain Samuel Cantor as a dry agent. The senator's campaign manager, a Mr. Barr, eloquently testified to Cantor's qualifications as a forthright citizen and capable business man. "What does a high-class man want with a job that pays only \$2400 or \$3000 at most?" I asked. "We're all over 21," laughed Mr. Barr. "Cantor wants the job to get his the same as the rest of them in this prohibition racket." Is it strange that, as I unfolded what I had learned of this man Cantor's known past as a lay profiteer in prohibition and co-partner in a spurious sacramental-wine store, Mr. Barr showed no signs of patriotic indigation?

When I complained bitterly to General Andrews that it was becoming more and more of a strain to maintain polite relations with the politicians, on account of the generally low quality of men they recommended for appointment, he urged me to get on with them as best I could, tacitly recognizing what was known throughout the service: that the county committeemen of the party were all-powerful and that patronage was, after all, the watchword of enforcement.

The bosses never relaxed their interest in a henchman, whether he was found guilty of negligence or outright crookedness. Congressman Perlman pestered me in behalf of a permit-holder named Macallusco. Macallusco's permit was revoked because we found that he was an ex-convict. Still, he had got himself elected as president of the Columbia Republican Club, although, in addition to his prison record, he had been tried three times for burglary, grand larceny and illegal dealing in narcotics.

Similar cases of sponsoring of known lawbreakers by politicians could be multiplied to boredom. The affinity, so far as dry enforcement is concerned, repeats itself to the point of becoming axiomatic.

I have no party ax to grind. I have

been a lifelong Republican. And when I say that during my term of office not a single Democratic politician asked me for a single favor it only emphasizes the fact that prohibition is in politics and run by the party in power. To the victors the spoils. And this condition is not local—as every district administrator knows.

The boldest violators always boast of political pull, and I have yet to see one who couldn't exercise it in some mysterious ways his wonders to perform. . . . Case after case of use and abuse of political influence was reported to Washington. But there was no murmur from headquarters, only the repeated warning to avoid getting in bad with the politicians.

I was finally kicked upstairs to an innocuous zone supervisorship. Of course I resigned. The politicians had won.

Without making any claim to the role of martyr, I'm convinced that if I had avoided irritating the politicians and confined my efforts to mopping up streamlets of booze and beer instead of damming and destroying the sources of supply, we should have been undisturbed and enforcement would have gone where it is heading under the party spoils system—and that is to perdition.

In slightly less than 18 months we had located and informed against every wildcat brewery, investigated more than 900 alcohol permittees and successfully revoked 1500 permits, destroyed 11 commercial stills and reduced the stupendous leakage of 5,000,000 gallons of sacramental wine to what is the legitimate issue of 26,000 gallons for the district. We had reached the head waters of New York's wet flood. And that was the cause of our offending.

Prohibition, as at present operative, is a party-spoils system. Three quarters of the 2500 dry agents are ward heelers and sycophants named by the politicians. And the politicians, whether professionally wet or professionally dry, want prohibition because they regard prohibition as they regard postmasterships—a reservoir of jobs for henchmen and of favors for friends.

Prohibition is the new pork barrel.

Chicago, Hands Up!

Condensed from *The Forum* (October, '27)

Kate Sargent

IN the six years ending last spring, 1795 murders were committed in Cook County for which sentence of death was executed upon but 24. Within a period of four years, 45 policemen were killed. There is only one explanation: gang control in politics.

The growth of the gangs in Chicago is a startling chapter of American life. In his book, *The Gang*, Prof. Frederick M. Thrasher of the University of Chicago outlines more than 1300 of these groups. Gangs form spontaneously and often develop into clubs, loosely organized but with infinite possibilities as political units. As such, they engage the attention of politicians and are often protected. When a member gets into trouble, he knows where to go to get it hushed up. The division of labor among these groups, Dr. Thrasher says, has been carried so far "that a specialized gang of beer runners does not even have to do its own bombing or killing, but may employ a still more specialized group for that purpose."

With the advent of prohibition the bootleg gang quickly evolved out of gangs already operating. It started on the South Side, where one Jim Colosimo rose into prominence as proprietor of a restaurant and a chain of gambling houses. Colosimo was threatened by a secret society of his fellow-countrymen, and imported a bodyguard in the person of Johnny Torrio, destined to become a conspicuous figure. Soon after Torrio's advent in 1920, Colosimo was shot to death in the door of his cafe, and Torrio fell heir to his terrain. He in turn gathered together a coterie of choice spirits, and Scarface Al Capone makes his appearance. He was imported from Brooklyn to be Torrio's personal bodyguard.

There also rose to view the figure of O'Banion, who had begun his career as a hijacker and made money. He refused a lieutenantancy under Torrio, having somewhat different ideas. He did not, for example, exploit women, but stuck to whisky as a stock in trade. Torrio's specialty was beer. The two had an agreement by which each furnished his own commodity for the other. There was no interference, but brotherly cooperation. Huge sums were paid for protection. Rum trucks lumbered through the streets with policemen in uniform sitting beside the drivers. The only trouble was when hijackers, often accompanied in their turn by police, attacked the contraband.

Soon, however, Torrio felt the need of developing his own liquor supply. He enlisted the aid of the notorious Genna brothers, six in number, and together they showed their compatriots how to distil rubbing alcohol and wood-alcohol. Torrio decided to invade Cicero, a town peopled largely by aliens. He made a deal with certain candidates, promising to help swing the approaching town election in return for full protection from the law. Cicero became a center of law violation. Torrio established three gambling houses, a chain of breweries, and made fortunes for himself and his associates. They began to sell whisky for \$3 a gallon, as against O'Banion's \$8. O'Banion, receiving higher prices, paid larger sums to the police. Bad blood resulted. O'Banion set up a florist's shop as a screen for his pursuits.

Fabulous fortunes were made by these leaders. One gangster, accidentally killed, died a millionaire; and two leaders of a certain beer gang paid income taxes of \$250,000 each.

These fortunes spurred to emulation and rival gangs sprang up. One day three armed men walked into O'Banion's florist shop and shot him dead. O'Banion's funeral was at the time called the most costly and spectacular ever seen in Chicago. Prominent public officials marched cheek by jowl with gangsters to the grave.

O'Banion was succeeded by Hymie Weiss. He commanded the North Siders in guerilla warfare with Torrio, Capone, and the Gennas. Two of the Gennas were killed soon after. On one of their bodies was found a bill of lading for a carload of whisky. His funeral surpassed even that of O'Banion. He was buried in a solid silver casket and was followed to the grave by scores of civic officials, including a State Senator and two State Representatives.

Several attempts to kill Torrio failed; but he was at last wounded and quit the country, with a large fortune. Capone now became the target for many attacks, but seemed to bear a charmed life. One secret for this may have been his sedan with bulletproof glass. For many months Capone never went out without a powerful bodyguard of 12. Four walked in front, two on each side, and four in the rear. Always, in the hands of the rear-guard, might be seen an inconspicuous draped object—a Thompson machine gun!

Capone had a narrow escape when 11 closed cars drove in single file past the Hawthorne Inn in Cicero and raked the building with a steady round of fire. He then put half-inch steel shutters on the windows of his room. Another time, an attempt to dynamite the inn was frustrated when an employe found 16 sticks of the explosive under the building.

Many fell in the gang feuds without causing much flurry; but there was a furor when Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin was found in Cicero, in a car with two members of the notorious O'Donnell gang, all shot to death. At the inquest one man testified he had paid McSwiggin \$8000, and Capone had made a similar claim.

Hymie Weiss also had a strong bodyguard, but his time came at last.

One day he was entering his headquarters when, from an upper window in a neighboring building, came a rain of machine-gun bullets. Weiss and two of his companions were killed.

This carnage was followed by a truce. As the gangsters themselves admitted, there was enough business for all. Weiss was succeeded by Vincent Drucci, "The Schemer," who was shot by police in a street riot. His funeral was marked by military honors.

His death left Capone the outstanding figure in gangland. He operates many interests in Chicago, Cicero, and other suburbs. One of these, Forest View, is popularly known as "Caponeville." It has a piquant history. An unincorporated village until after the War, it was then pitched upon by a young army officer with the aim of making it an American Legion community. The local offices were filled by war veterans. One night a gang of Capone henchmen invaded the town, bullied and threatened the authorities, hauled the founder from his bed, and beat him until he promised to quit. The Legionnaires moved out, and the gangsters moved in. At the village election in 1920, 58 voters were registered, of whom 48 gave their residences as Maple Inn and The Stockade, resorts run by Capone. Although his career reads like a penny dreadful, he is still under 30.

A dispassionate native who knew his Chicago summed up the situation on reading of an attempted store holdup on the South Side. The clerk, it was recorded, had knocked out the bandit by hurling a can of corn at his head.

"They'll arrest that clerk," declared our prophet, "and let the robber go."

Such is Chicago,—the Chicago that, viewed from below, seems to be dominated by the sinister figure of Scarface Al Capone. At the time when this was written, the gangs were enjoying an armistice. The machine-guns were at rest, rum trucks plying merrily, the city "wide open," bootleggers and bookmakers prospering in peaceful industry, and the Mayor valiantly defending his flock from the British lion and ordering the Mississippi back into its proper bounds.

Lifting the Curse of Eve

Condensed from *The Woman Citizen* (October, '27)

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

AT the very moment when the Freiburg method of Twilight Sleep had raised the hopes of thousands of women it was pronounced dangerous to both mother and child by the majority of this country's leading specialists. Few people know, however, that a much safer method for alleviating the pain of childbirth has of recent years come into extensive use. It is a method that may be applied by the ordinary practitioner in either home or hospital at slight expense; a method that has been used successfully without causing the loss of a single life, in over 7000 cases at the Lying-In Hospital, New York, since it was introduced there in 1923.

The country at large has so far heard nothing of this method—which is called "Obstetrical Analgesia"—for the reason that the medical authorities who are responsible for its development have been anxious to avoid any hint of premature publicity.

For centuries it was considered "impious and contrary to Holy Writ to seek to lift any part of the primeval curse on women!" Modern science, more merciful, has found a way. The average woman of today is so highly organized, with sensitized nerves all over her body, that it would seem almost as inhuman for a doctor to expect her to endure the long ordeal of childbirth without any relief, as it would be for him to perform a surgical operation without an anesthetic.

The new method has been developed by Dr. Asa B. Davis, Chief Surgeon of the New York Lying-In Hospital, and Dr. J. T. Gwathmey, an anesthetist. It was their aim to obtain in the patient a state of analgesia (insensitivity to pain with consciousness but little if at all impaired) so that she could follow directions at any time. The reader

should not confuse analgesia with anesthesia, which paralyzes the senses and causes complete loss of consciousness.

Drs. Davis and Gwathmey started their work at Lying-In Hospital in February, 1923, and the history of their endeavor forms one of the most fascinating chapters in medical science. It is a tale of painstaking labor on the part of every one from surgeons to nurses, and of an unceasing spirit of research. The first thrill came to them all one day when they discovered that a certain solution of ether and oil and a few other drugs, administered as a retention enema, had given a number of patients some relief. Dr. Gwathmey hit upon the scheme of deepening the effect of the ether by combining it with epsom salts given by epidermic. Research workers had already discovered that these two drugs increase the effect on each other. So it was not necessary to give more than half the amount of ether which is required for surgical operations.

Not all of the women reacted alike, of course. It was found that a highstrung woman was as a rule particularly sensitive to the drugs and that she would often sleep lightly through the whole ordeal. On the other hand, they found that a strongly built woman might stay awake most of the time and know all that was going on, but even so she would experience the pains less sharply than with her last baby.

One of the doctors said: "In the ideal case the patient remains sleeping or quiet for about four hours, proceeding then to pick up the task of labor with renewed strength and vigor. She appears refreshed, no longer apprehensive, and oftentimes retains her drowsiness through a severe second stage and delivery."

It should be explained that if the patient is conscious at the time of delivery she is given a light anesthetic by inhalation which renders her completely unconscious. The effect of the analgesia holds over, however, so that after the baby is born the mother will doze lightly for several hours, enabling the doctor to make whatever repairs are necessary. It is highly important that lacerations be attended to immediately.

Another great advantage is that the treatment can be repeated with perfect safety every three or four hours, for as long as a day if need be. In this way a patient is spared the worst effects of a long grilling labor that would otherwise undermine her strength; instead she lies dozing, or in a semi-conscious state, while nature takes her slow course.

Of the 7000 women who had the standard treatment between June, 1923, and January, 1927, 80 percent received decided relief—according to their own opinion as well as that of the nurse and doctor; 10 percent received somewhat less relief; 6 percent still less, and 4 percent received no relief at all. Dr. Davis states that the records, which were kept with the utmost care, prove conclusively that "Obstetrical Analgesia" has accomplished its purpose of relieving the mother of pain, without inflicting upon her or her child any of the dangers which accompanied the use of Twilight Sleep.

In addition to the 7000 cases recorded at the New York Lying-In—the largest maternity hospital in the country,—other hospitals have reported definite numbers of cases, making in all a grand total of over 11,000 patients that have been benefited—with no danger to the life of mother or child.

One patient whose child had been born the day before exclaimed delightedly: "The pain wasn't half so bad as it was the other time, and I've felt wonderful ever since, without an ache in my body." Another patient said: "After I had been in the hospital a few hours the doctor came and said he was going to give me something to help me. The next thing I knew the nurse was telling me that I had a baby girl born an hour before." A third patient described

what a great difference the analgesia made. "I hardly knew anything that was going on. I felt completely relaxed, and I kept thinking that they were trying to put my mind to sleep. Yet I could hear the doctor talking all the time."

Every woman will be anxious to know whether "Obstetrical Analgesia" can be used safely by the general practitioner. Most authorities believe that it can. As one specialist put it, "Even a knife is dangerous in the hands of a careless man. But an able doctor can make a success of this method if he really wants to relieve his patients and if he carefully follows the directions given out by Lying-In Hospital. It goes without saying that he must also use good judgment, as every case differs a little from the last."

"However, there will undoubtedly be some doctors who won't want to take the trouble," another specialist predicted, "for if the patient is confined at home the doctor will have to stay with her during the entire course of the labor, inasmuch as the average nurse who is unfamiliar with the method cannot judge the progress of labor." The same specialist thinks that it would be a great mistake to confine the use of the method to the skilled obstetrician, inasmuch as the majority of babies delivered in this country are delivered by general practitioners. "Therefore, the sooner the latter learn the technique of the method the better for mothers and babies," he concluded.

In view of the fact that "Obstetrical Analgesia" is being used in an increasing number of maternity hospitals throughout the country, it is altogether possible that you may be able to find—either in your own city or in one near by—a doctor and hospital familiar with the method.

The purpose of this article is not to excite hysterical hopes of painless childbirth, but merely to report conscientiously the results that have already been obtained with "Obstetrical Analgesia." These results, it must be conceded, point to a notable and far-reaching achievement, of which the New York Lying-In Hospital and the doctors responsible may well be proud.

The Trend toward Consolidation

Condensed from *The World Tomorrow* (October, '27)

Ralph Borsodi

A "GENERAL MOTORS" of the radio industry is now in process of formation. The United States Electric Corporation was recently formed for the purpose of acquiring the right to manufacture radio apparatus under the patents held by the Radio Corporation of America and allied companies, the Hazeltine Corporation, the Latour Corporation, and the Technidyne Corporation. Under this overlordship, a steady consolidation of radio manufacturers is progressing.

Pittsburgh used to have 12 daily newspapers—a recent consolidation has reduced the number to five. The transactions which culminated in this consolidation involved an investment of over \$15,000,000 by three newspaper chains. Pittsburgh simply furnishes a typical example of what is transpiring in one city after another throughout the country.

Fifteen years ago there were 200 manufacturers of automobiles. Today there are only about 50, and not more than a bare dozen of these are expected to survive independently. Ford and General Motors produce together two-thirds of all the automobiles made. The independent is "up against" not a mere consolidation of automobile manufacturers in General Motors, but a consolidation of manufacturers of nearly all the elements—bodies, batteries, ignition, wheels, carburetors, etc.—which enter into the completed product.

The McFadden Banking Bill, passed by the last Congress, made it possible for national banks to go into branch banking. As a result the tendency toward branch banking which already had made itself manifest under the state banking laws has now been ex-

tended to banks operated under Federal charters. . . Mergers of banks—Chatham-Phoenix; American Exchange-Pacific; Irving-Columbia; etc.—are so frequent that they have almost ceased to be feature news.

Concentration in railroad control has the official approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Van Sweringen brothers started a new era of railroad consolidation with their proposed C. & O., Nickel Plate, and Erie consolidation. Loree, of the D. & L., is busy with a consolidation; so are the N. Y. Central interests, the Pennsylvania interests, and practically every one of the more ambitious railroad systems.

The movie industry is a particularly interesting example of the way in which concentration of control has developed in an industry apparently ideally adapted to small scale operation. Beginning with production, then passing to distribution, and finally entering the field of exhibition, concentration has developed until the industry as a whole has passed into the hands of a very small number of groups which have complete control. Concentration in the ownership of theatres has had the indirect effect of well-nigh extinguishing the legitimate drama in all but the largest cities of the country, not because there is no demand for spoken drama, but because the movie magnates have purchased and converted or destroyed the theatres formerly devoted to it.

The day of concentration in the steel industry has by no means passed. It has extended from the basic producers to the fabricators of steel. Negotiations to combine the Republic Iron and Steel Company and the Trumbull Steel Company are in progress, as are similar

negotiations by the American Rolling Mill Company, the Columbia Steel Company, and the Forged Steel Wheel Company. The Bucyrus Company consolidated with the Erie Steam Shovel Company. Steel divides its energy between consolidation and production. The newspapers are full of negotiations which look to a reduction in the number of independent steel units.

Some time ago the Chicago Elevator Properties, Inc., was formed, controlling 46 percent of the grain storage capacity of Chicago, a very large proportion of the total terminal capacity of the entire country. This latest consolidation is merely symptomatic of what is going on in the field of grain distribution generally, with independently owned grain elevators gradually disappearing.

Perhaps the most interesting tendency has been that toward the consolidation of business units engaged in distribution. The ramification of the chain store idea is amazing. The A. & P. Tea Company now possesses 17,000 stores; 4000 additional stores were added in the past year, and 80 stores are being added every week. Within two years they will likely number 25,000 stores. The J. C. Penny chain consists of 825 department stores. The United Cigar Stores Company and Schulte are the two big chains in the tobacco field.

Many of the chain store organizations represent consolidations of smaller chains, as for instance the American Stores Company, which consists of a consolidation of five chains, the smallest of which operates 122 stores, while the largest operates 433. The growth of chains in the five-and-ten-cent store field is well known, but there is hardly a single field of distribution in which the technique of consolidation is not now employed. There are chain restaurants; there are candy chains; and chains in the big department store field are already here with the May Company a conspicuous pioneer. Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward have joined the procession with a chain of department stores.

It is the interest of the financial district in consolidations which gives the clue to the significance of the present

trend toward the concentration of industrial control. Consolidations make it possible to issue securities at a time when the demand for stocks and bonds exceeds the supply. When money is easy, when vast sums are seeking investment, and when speculation dominates public psychology, an acceleration in the trend toward concentration is as certain as the procession of the seasons.

The theoretical lowering of costs through mass production frequently fails of realization. Concentration has often lessened net profit. For one thing, the burden of fixed charges to cover large scale financing, makes a nightmare difference between the theoretical balance sheet of a consolidation and the actual balance sheet produced by the auditors. But when money is easy, percentages of net profit are not important. A corporation manufacturing \$10,000 worth of "gadgets" a year, even though it makes 50 percent net profit on sales, is not suitable for financing, but ten competitive manufacturers of "gadgets," doing in the aggregate \$10,000,000 a year, are suitable for financing even if, as a whole, they earn only five percent on sales. Five percent of \$10,000,000 is \$500,000. Five hundred thousand dollars of profits available for dividends would support a securities issue of at least five million dollars. The \$5000 available for profits in the case of the corporation producing \$10,000 worth of "gadgets" cannot pay dividends on an issue of stocks or bonds big enough to make it worth while for the investment banker to deal with the proposition.

Concentration of industrial control has developed a technique which limits competition by means of patents, tariffs, trade-marks, licenses, franchises, trade associations. This technique includes such legal and extra-legal devices as statistical "institutes," industrial "czars," cooperative national advertising, etc.

The final result? The investing public, which furnishes the market for the new securities accompanying concentration, receives a thin stream of the total profits made possible by forcing the ultimate consumer to pay more than he should for what he buys.

Should Johnny Go to College?

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (October, '27)

Christian Gauss, Dean of the College, Princeton University

PEOPLE used to ask me, "Should my son, John, go to college?" when John was 14 or 15 years old. That is the time to ask it, then or later, not before. Now the question is asked, if at all, when John is still "Johnny," when he is three or four. At that time no one can tell, not even his parents. Until the boy's tastes have been disclosed, parents should be urged to forget all about this problem. The only thing to do in his infancy is to make financial provision for him. When this is not possible, it is wise to take out some form of insurance which will provide funds that may later be called for. It is a serious mistake to start the presumption of college in his mind. If you must discuss this matter with him, talk to him in terms of his education, of what he wishes to do, and not of his college.

A recent writer has estimated the average outlay by parents for a son in college at \$1500 a year. This would make \$6000 in all during the school years. Add to this what the student might have saved during four years of productive employment and this sum, if invested wisely at a boy's birth, will help to make him comfortable for life and may give him as good a start as other boys will have with a degree. Every university official knows of many cases in which the sum total of human happiness would have been increased and family relations much improved if a particular father had bought his son a ranch or farm instead of a college degree.

Many parents are unqualified to decide whether a son should go to college, simply because they do not know him. In such cases, the problem should be left to his teachers. How a boy employs his leisure and whether he

seeks or avoids a library or laboratory in hours that are entirely his own, is quite as revealing as marks obtained in examinations. Many parents today can offer little information on these points.

If a boy is unhappy about his studies in high or preparatory school, he should not be urged or encouraged to continue. This is an easy rule for parents to apply and I believe it is almost infallible. If parents and teachers have to drive him through his work in order that he may enter college, it will be a kindness to prevent him torturing himself further for what will be a useless experience for him and an unnecessary expense for parents. It sometimes takes not only common sense but courage to do this, because it is against the custom of the day, but the boy's ultimate education, his mental and moral health, and often his happiness, depend upon the decision.

I do not mean that boys should be coddled or that difficult tasks should be avoided. A difficult intellectual task is a challenge to the lad who is interested. Different types of boys respond to different types of challenge. It is nothing against them and they should be encouraged to develop their own proper sort of talent.

We enjoy doing the things we are temperamentally qualified to do. If a boy does not enjoy study at school, he is not and never will be qualified for, or happy in, a college. It is a far surer test than entrance examinations, and college officials know that they must look for trouble, nervous and moral as well as scholastic, in the cases of unhappy undergraduates.

In addition to the boy who is unhappy at school, there is another type of lad who should not be encouraged. This is

the lad who is unwell, who shows signs of nervous instability, or who has some physical ailment and low resistance to disease. The life of a college today, even exclusive of its main business, study, is, to the young, strenuous and exciting. It demands even from the healthy a considerable effort of adjustment. The lad who is nervously or physically below par will feel his handicap far more seriously, often with grave consequences. Parents should recognize the serious danger of sending to college the physically and especially the nervously disqualified. In a few cases the boy should not come at all. In a great many cases he should be given a year, not of idleness, but of healthy out-of-door work, to build him up and develop self-reliance before he comes to the college.

There is another consideration which should weigh far more heavily than it does. If a boy otherwise qualified does not wish to come, that should end it. There is no better reason why he should remain away. He will almost never be a success, and college may do him harm.

The fact, however, that a son wishes to come to college should not end the discussion. There is one further highly important consideration. Parents should be sure that he wishes to come for the proper reasons. A boy will "get out of college" only what he comes for. If he comes to learn "to call 40 men by their first names," he will learn to do this glibly, but that is about all he will bring home. If he comes for opportunities in athletics only, he will develop only physically. If he comes to have a good time, that is about all he will have to show for it, except a number of unfortunate habits which it will take years to eradicate and which may help to disqualify him in the world's later fiercer competition for success.

There is a simple reason for the present "rush to the colleges." Young men and young women prefer the society of other young men and women to the society of their elders. With the general obscuring of the colleges' original purpose and function, it has unfortunately become a kind of glorified playground. It has become the paradise of the young.

If, nowadays, you give a boy of 18 the option of going into his father's office or of going to college, he will in almost every case choose college. In many cases a continuation of education in college is certainly preferable, often essential—if he is to be a lawyer, a doctor, an engineer, a scholar. In a good many other cases it is, however, far preferable, if you are thinking of your son's later success in life, that he should immediately put himself into harness and develop his sense of responsibility and begin his climb up the world's long ladder. This is what we have forgotten today. It is this simple psychological fact that is resulting in an unfortunate rush for admission. Of the 600,000 young men now in college, it would possibly have been better in nearly 100,000 cases, had they not come. Had the money which each of these boys will spend been invested for him and had he immediately entered the ranks of the economically productive, he and the world would have been far better for it. There is, of course, no reason why a boy who plans to enter the business world should not go to college. It will enhance the value of his later leisure and give him something to think about "when the long winter evenings come." But no father should urge his son to go to college for the social prestige it will give, or for any other reason than that for which the college exists, which is to train the mind by exercising it in study. If a boy does not care to study, a college course will not educate him and will give him nothing worth while. If he has been dazzled by the glamour of college life or merely sucked in by the almost irresistible drift of our time, it is far better that he go to work.

"Madam, we guarantee satisfaction or we return the boy," Woodrow Wilson once told a solicitous mother on the busy opening day of college. This should be true of all colleges. Remember, however, that it is the boy who must provide the satisfaction. Be fairly sure that he will do this before you send him. You can then rest assured that it will profit him; cease worrying about him—send him with your fullest confidence and blessing.

All These Things Mean Money

Condensed from *The Mentor* (September, '27)

An Interview with Farran Zerbe

THE Zerbe collection of money covers all ages and every section of the world, being particularly strong in the money of early America. The collection has 30,000 varieties, and represents 40 years of patient work. It includes coins of every shape, size and description, including the largest and the smallest coins in the world.

What is money? In my years of experience as a collector and exhibitor of money specimens that question has been put to me with great frequency. The best answer I ever heard was given to me by a ten-year-old boy when I asked him "Just what is money?"

"Money," he replied without hesitation, "is what the other chap takes for what you want."

There it is in a nutshell. For illustration: if you were going on an expedition to the Arctic and wanted to trade with the Eskimos you would be foolish to take ten-dollar gold pieces and silver dimes. Pack up instead a supply of fish hooks and gumdrops—two commodities much more acceptable as legal tender than gold. To the Eskimos, those commodities are money.

As a young man I became a merchant, with the collecting and study of money as my diversion. So when after more than 20 years my health failed and I was forced to abandon my store I had my hobby to fall back on.

My objective has been a collection which would show examples of every kind of money that the world has ever known. I can confidently say that I have the most varied collection in this country today. Every political and geographical division of the world is represented. I have money made of salt, of cheese, of tea, of wood, leather,

silk, velvet, tobacco—and red-headed woodpecker's scalps.

To a country like ours that is fond of superlatives the largest and the smallest pieces of money hold prime interest. The largest piece ever coined was a Swedish ten-daler piece. It is about 14 inches long, ten inches broad and half an inch thick, solid copper, and weighs about 45 pounds.

These large ten-daler pieces are to be found only in museums in Sweden. I have in my exhibit an eight-daler piece bearing the imprint 1659. There are only four of them in this country. In those days if you had a fortune of any size whatever you had to have a horse and wagon to carry it around for you.

One explanation of this freak coinage seems to lie in the fact that during the 17th and 18th centuries the Swedish Government was desirous of encouraging the development of the Swedish copper mines and took this means of doing it, with scant consideration for the physical comfort of the populace.

The smallest bit of money ever coined was struck in southern India about 1800. It contains one grain of gold and is worth about four cents United States money. Like the quarter-dollar gold pieces of California it was coin but in practice was used more as an ornament or token. It is about an eighth of an inch in diameter, and it is impossible to make out the inscription with the aid of a magnifying glass.

China, always a strange land, offers some especially old coins. During the period around 1000 A. D. it was the custom to have the coin take the shape of the things it was supposed to buy. Thus a coin fashioned to represent the human body was used to buy clothing.

A spade-shaped coin was used for agricultural implements and a strange bit of metal formed somewhat like a modern razor was for the purchase of knives and implements of defense.

Tea money is still in circulation in Mongolia, Thibet and some parts of Siberia. It is made of tea dust and scrap mixed with a binder, compressed into blocks and stamped with Russian lettering or marks showing the producer, and it circulates freely in trade as money. Some pieces are serrated like chocolate bars and can be broken at convenient intervals to make change. The double advantage of this money is that it can be used either as a commodity or as a medium of exchange—for tea or for trading.

In the same fashion rock salt has for many years been used as money in certain parts of Russia and Africa. Cheese in China likewise was compressed into cakes and circulated until someone got hungry and ate it.

The American Indian's desire for the scalp of red-headed woodpeckers for adornment gave rise to strange currency in the early days of the Oregon and California frontier camps. The woodpecker had an annoying habit of perching on the topmost branches of the trees, from which the Indian's crude weapons could dislodge him only with difficulty.

The white man, however, could easily pop him off with a gun. The scalps of these birds are beautifully marked with red and white and were very ornamental to the primitive eye. They were much desired as pendants for wampum belts. They acquired, therefore, a standard circulating value of 50 cents, or, as it was then called, "four bits." Frequently they replaced money entirely in a transaction with an Indian.

In the early days of the Virginia Colonists tobacco was legal tender and circulated much more freely than coin. There was, in fact, little coin in the colony. The result was that tradesmen, laborers, doctors and even ministers received their pay in tobacco. Warehouse receipts for tobacco, which passed

from hand to hand in the South, were from the practical point of view the first paper money in America.

Right today an Anglo-American tobacco company in Virginia is manufacturing a compound of tobacco and licorice compressed in long strips which it sells for trade with the natives of the South Seas. A certain quantity of this "stick tobacco money," as it is called, has just as much trading value as a certain weight of gold in the United States or England.

In the Belgian Congo we have an interesting survival of native money in the purchase of wives. Before the white invasion the native money was of copper formed in the shape of a cross. Today, when the natives are working for the white mine owners rather than for each other, they are paid in calico and salt. They still retain their original tribal money, however, when the transaction is one involving the purchase of a wife. One copper cross with an eight-inch spread and weighing about 28 ounces will purchase one wife, of indeterminate weight, height and good looks.

It would take a small volume to enumerate the different things which have at one time or another been used for money. Unfortunately some of our most picturesque varieties are going out of existence.

The march of civilization into the tropics of Africa, into the unknown fastnesses of Asia, has imposed the ways of the white man on remote quarters of the globe. And with civilization there comes civilized money, round metal disks to supplant the curious, strange media of the natives—huge iron hairpins from the Sudan, small metal spheres from the gambling houses of Siam, tiny metal bells and boats from China, arrow points from the North American Indians and curiously wrought bracelets from ancient Gaul.

Who knows but what with the advance of aeronautical exploration the time may come when an Eskimo will turn up his nose at a gumdrop and call for good hard cash that clinks when you drop it?

Feminist—New Style

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (October, '27)

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

IS it not high time that we laid the ghost of the so-called feminist?

"Feminism" has become a term of opprobrium to the modern young woman. For the word suggests either the old school of fighting feminists who wore flat heels and had very little feminine charm, or the current species who antagonize men with their constant clamor about maiden names, equal rights, woman's place in the world, and many another cause. Indeed, if a blundering male assumes that a young woman is a feminist simply because she happens to have a job or a profession of her own, she will be quite justifiably insulted.

When the average man dissects the "new woman," he labors under the delusion that there are only two types of women, the creature of instinct who is content to be a "home-maker" and the "sterile intellectual" who cares solely about "expressing herself"—home and children be damned. But what of the constantly increasing group of young women who admit that a full life calls for marriage and children as well as a career? These women if they launch upon marriage are keen to make a success of it and an art of child-rearing. But *at the same time* they are moved by an inescapable inner compulsion to be individuals in their own right. And in this era of simplified housekeeping they see their opportunity, for it is obvious that a woman who plans intelligently can salvage some time for her own pursuits. Furthermore, they are convinced that they will be better wives and mothers for the breadth they gain from functioning outside the home.

Since men must have things pointed out to them in black and white, we beg leave to enunciate the tenets of the

modern woman's credo. Let us call her "Feminist—New Style."

First Tenet. There are three good reasons why Feminist—New Style cares about a career or a job: first, she may be of that rare and fortunate breed of persons who find a certain art, science, or profession as inevitable a part of their lives as breathing; second, she may feel the need of a satisfying outlet for her energy; third, she may have no other means of securing her economic independence. And the latter she prizes above all else, for it spells her freedom as an individual, enabling her to marry or not to marry, as she chooses—to terminate a marriage that has become unbearable, and to support and educate her children if necessary.

She has observed that it is only the rare American of either sex who can resist the mentally demoralizing effect of idleness. She has seen too many women who have let their minds go to seed, so that by the time they are 40 they are profoundly uninteresting to their husbands, their children, and themselves. If a woman can add to her own resources and thereby live a rich and full life without the stimulus of a job she is to be congratulated and admired as a really civilized person. However, if she remains financially dependent upon her husband she may be mortgaging her own future happiness and liberty of action.

In brief, Feminist—New Style reasons that if she is economically independent, and if she has, to boot, a vital interest in some work of her own she will have given as few hostages to Fate as it is possible to give. Love may die, and children may grow up, but one's work goes on forever.

Second Tenet. She will not, however, live for her job alone, for she considers that a woman who talks and thinks only shop has just as narrow a horizon as the housewife who talks and thinks only husband and children. She will therefore refuse to give up all of her personal interests for the sake of her work. In this respect she no doubt will fall short of the masculine ideal of commercial success, for the simple reason that she has never felt the economic compulsion which drives men on to build up fortunes for the sake of their growing families.

Nevertheless, she will take great pride in becoming a vital factor in whatever enterprise she has chosen, and she will expect to work long hours when the occasion demands. But rather than make the mistake that some women do of burying all of their affections and interests in their jobs, or the mistake that many men make of milking their youth dry for the sake of building up a fortune to be spent in a fatigued middle-age, she will proceed on the principle that a person of intelligence and energy can attain a fair degree of success—perhaps even a high degree of success—by the very virtue of living a well-balanced life, as well as by working with concentration.

Third Tenet. Nor will she become hostile to the other sex. On the contrary, she enjoys working with men, more than with women, for their methods are more direct and their view larger, and she finds that she can deal with them on a basis of frank comradeship. She has observed that more and more men are coming to accord women as much responsibility as they show themselves able to carry. She is hard put to it to understand the sex antagonism which actuates certain "advanced" women who secretly look upon their husbands—and all men—as their natural enemies from whom they must wrest every privilege possible. Such tactics are a futile waste of energy; now that men have admitted that women can be valuable partners not only in the home, but also in business and civic life, the best thing for women to do is to prove their value.

Fourth Tenet. By the same corollary,

Feminist—New Style professes no loyalty to women *en masse*, although she staunchly believes in individual women. Surveying her sex as a whole, she finds their actions petty, their range of interests narrow, their talk trivial and repetitious. But when a woman in the professions or in public life proves herself really capable, Feminist—New Style will be the first to cheer, and to help her along still farther. Indeed, she feels that there is today a stronger bond among thinking women than ever before. Reaching out, as they are, for new adjustments and conceptions, each can profit by the experience of the other; whereas in ages past women had nothing in common other than their jealousy of one another. So it happens that the modern woman is capable of a high order of friendship with other women. A visiting Frenchwoman exclaimed of American women: "You are friends with one another, while *we* would not trust one another for a minute."

Fifth Tenet. Feminist—New Style is so far removed from the early feminists that she is baffled by the psychology which led some of them to abjure men in the same voice with which they aped them—with their short hair and mannish clothes. She may not be quite as smartly gowned as the society woman; yet every year sees her better dressed and infinitely better groomed than the erstwhile professional and business woman. As regards manners and mannerisms she has not the slightest desire to imitate men. On the contrary, she prefers to keep the intonations of her voice and the quality of her gestures purely feminine, as nature intended them to be.

Sixth Tenet. Empty slogans seem to the Feminist—New Style just as bad taste as masculine dress and manners. They serve only to prolong the war between the sexes and to prevent women from learning to think straight. Take these, for instance, "Keep your maiden name." "Come out of the kitchen." "Never darn a sock." After all, what's in a name or in a sock? Madame Curie managed to become one of the world's geniuses even though she suffered the terrible handicap of bearing her hus-

(Continued to page 444)

Character Budgets

Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal (October, '27)

An Editorial

YOU hear very little urging from any source to keep a character budget. Whole libraries have been written on the subjects of household budgets, city, state and Federal government budgets, but for the individual scant heed is ever paid to keeping books on development of character. Know yourself, said the greatest of all philosophers, yet, few, if any, have ever set out to make a record of their character assets and liabilities as they develop from week to week, and from year to year.

Samuel Pepys came nearer to the actual fact of recording the evolution of his character than any literary man of any time. His diary is undoubtedly the frankest revelation of human weakness and its manifestations that has ever been written. He recorded his grossest errors as well as his happiest achievements.

Day after day he wrote down pledges and oaths to improve his moral conduct. He recorded his extravagance and pledged himself to greater thrift. He recorded his selfishness, his avarice, his vanity, his outbursts of temper and their injury to others. He was a passionate young man living in an age of grossness and excess. The glass of fashion, the anointed mentor of the moral conduct of the time, was Charles II, whose kingly life was an uninterrupted debauch. Hence, considering all the major and minor influences that surrounded him, Pepys made great headway in the development of character.

At times he ate gluttonously, at times he drank too much, at times he was kind and generous to relatives and friends, at times he was ungenerous and even brutal. Yet he recorded each act, and, miraculous to say, did not always

attempt to justify his lapses—wherein he differed from the usual diarist and autobiographer.

Pepys was keeping a character budget to enable him to know himself and to improve himself. He was a self-made man in a period when selfmade men were of the greatest rarity. His Diary is one of the most celebrated literary treasures of all times. It is also a historical document, a reliable record of international strife, plagues and the immoralities of a spectacularly immoral court. Its greatness, however, lies in the fact that it is the most minutely honest character budget ever written. It is unique in that here was a man seeing himself with his own eyes clearly.

It is trite to say that character is vastly more important than material wealth. No intelligent human being who has lived 30 years will dispute that. Furthermore, it is axiomatic in the vast majority of cases that a better than the average character is back of every personally won success in life. . . So why not keep a character budget day by day? If you fear that someone might find it and learn your secret sins, do as Pepys did—invent a shorthand cipher of your own. His diary was not deciphered until long after his death.

Here is a suggested simple form for a character budget, with only two columns to add up day by day:

ACTS OF

Fairness.....	Unfairness
Kindness.....	Unkindness
Politeness.....	Impoliteness
Reliability.....	Unreliability
Industry.....	Laziness
Temperance.....	Intemperance

(Continued from page 442)

band's name, and it is altogether likely that she darned a sock or two of Monsieur Curie's.

Seventh Tenet. Feminist—New Style is sick of hearing that modern young women are cheapening themselves by their laxity of morals. Those who have done any thinking, and who have any innate refinement, live by an aesthetic standard of morals which would make promiscuity inconceivable. She readily agrees that the Greenwich Village vogue for experimenting with the emotions is a tawdry thing. The individuals who thus experiment are not "living" as much as they think they are, for their emotions are all on the surface. Feminist—New Style is sophisticated enough to know that one does not get real experience by grabbing for it.

Eighth Tenet. She readily concedes that a husband and children are necessary to the average woman's fullest development, although she knows that women are endowed with varying degrees of passion and of maternal instinct. But she will not take any man who offers. First of all a man must satisfy her as a lover and a companion. And second, he must have the mental and physical traits which she would like her children to inherit. She has seen too many women engulfed in tragedy simply because they let their instincts rush them into an ill-advised marriage and into the bearing of one child after another, each one handicapped by a bad physical or moral heritage.

If she finds it practicable to have children she will resolve not to sacrifice everything to them—for their sake as well as her own. During the years of their babyhood she may find it necessary to give up her work; but as soon as possible she will organize the family life so as to resume her own interests. It is a big job—bigger than any man has ever attempted. But because it is a big job, and because she has seen a few women succeed at it, Feminist—New Style will rise to the challenge. When she looks into the homes of a few women of the leisure class she will console herself with the thought that she cannot

possibly do a worse job than they have done.

Whether or no the nursery-school is the solution, the fact remains that the mother who has managed in one way or another to retain her own special interest will have a growing fund of wisdom and experience to share with her children. And, furthermore, she will avoid the sin of struggling to possess them body and soul and of expecting them to make great sacrifices for her later in life because she once gave up everything for them.

Ninth Tenet. She will insist upon *more freedom and honesty within the marriage relation*. She considers that the ordinary middle-class marriage is stifling in that it allows the wife little chance to know other men, and the husband little chance to know other women—except surreptitiously. Arguing from the fact that she herself can be interested in other men without wanting to exchange them for her husband, she assumes that she has something to give him that he may not find in other women. But if the time should come when it was obvious that he preferred another woman to her or that he preferred to live alone, she would accept the fact courageously, just as she would expect him to accept a similar announcement from her—for life would still hold many other things—and people—and interests. She would hope, however, that they would both try to preserve the relationship if it were worth preserving, or if there were children to be considered.

Finally, Feminist—New Style proclaims that men and children shall no longer circumscribe her world entirely. She is acutely conscious that she is being carried along in the current of forces, that she and her sex are in the vanguard of change. She knows that it is her American, her 20th-century birthright to emerge from a creature of instinct into a full-fledged individual who is capable of molding her own life. And in this respect she holds that she is becoming man's equal.

If this be treason, gentlemen, make the most of it.

The Real Colonel Roosevelt

Condensed from the National Republic (October, '27)

George Garner

FROM long observation, I am persuaded that at least 100,000,000 people in the United States were on terms of friendship—a majority, indeed, on terms of intimacy—with the late Theodore Roosevelt. One incident will illustrate:

In a delegation which one day called on Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay was a prodigiously impressive citizen. He even looked the part, attired in formal suit and topped with a high silk hat.

"How do you do, Colonel," said this man, with much emprossement of manner. "It is so long since I saw you. I hope we shall keep in touch in the future."

Colonel Roosevelt was, as always, most courteous. But, later, cornering a friend, Colonel Roosevelt asked:

"Of course. I know this fellow is one of the dearest friends I have in the world—but, who in the world is he, anyhow?"

And yet, notwithstanding his closeness to the people, I doubt that any man in modern days was less understood than Roosevelt. For instance, opinion is almost unanimous that he was "the most impetuous man" in the land.

Roosevelt was human; otherwise, he would not have been popular and even loved. Roosevelt was not perfect, or he would have been detested by the general run of mankind. He had human failings, just as he had many virtues, and he utilized shrewd strategies and the stage tricks of politicians when these would help his cause. So it was that some "impetuous" action often was the public climax to a carefully considered and prepared plan, the result of mature

deliberation, and staged to strengthen the results which he aimed to attain.

In the presidential campaign of 1912, for example, I ran down to Salisbury, Md., to cover for a newspaper a Roosevelt meeting at that point—my only Roosevelt meeting in the campaign, as I was assigned to the tour of another candidate. Strolling out to the grounds with another reporter, I remarked that the platform had been roped off like a prize ring, although with a couple of tables and chairs, and that ropes had been stretched about 20 feet outside the platform, to keep the crowd at a distance.

"Ha," chuckled my newspaper friend. "Watch the Colonel. He'll get up on the platform and look around and then he'll shout, 'Take down those ropes; I want the people near me. Move that table away from here; I want everyone to see me. Come up, folks, as close as you can.'"

"And whence this spirit of prophesy?" I queried.

"Oh," laughed the reporter, "he does that everywhere he speaks."

And it was even so. The Colonel made his gesture and the crowd went wild. Undoubtedly, he made a score of votes by that "impetuosity."

On the other hand, Colonel Roosevelt was capable of instantaneous decisions of great moment—quick decisions involving the exercise of judgment, apparently without opportunity for thought. As when, long before the news leaked out even to the Washington newspaper correspondents, I informed Colonel Roosevelt that President Wilson, in 1918, contemplated issuing an appeal to the people to elect a Democratic Congress to work with him in the war.

"Do you think he will issue this appeal?" asked Colonel Roosevelt.

"I am sure he will," I answered. "A couple of his close advisors oppose the plan, but others approve it and I am sure he will make the plea. But," I added, "it will be easy to publish the news beforehand and to discount it, so that when the appeal does come it will fall flat."

"No, no," answered Roosevelt on the instant. "That is not the right idea. Keep quiet and let him issue his appeal—it will be the best thing that could happen for the Republican Party—the best thing that could happen for the nation."

Instantly, Roosevelt had seen that the American people would resent any indication of partisanship in a national non-partisan crisis. He knew that for the period of the war politics was adjoined, and that even a shadow of partisan politics would arouse the people to rebuke.

The appeal was made—and shortly afterward the election gave the Senate, as well as the House, to the Republicans.

Even further, it is widely believed that Roosevelt was personally ambitious. From close observation of him for years, I am convinced this idea is wrong, especially in the closing years of his life. That Roosevelt was confident that he could be of actual service to the people and to the nation he loved so well, there is small room for doubt, and to achieve this end it was necessary at times that he should hold the official power to translate his policies into action. Public office appealed to Roosevelt not as a means to emblazon the name and fame of Theodore Roosevelt on the pages of history, but as an end through which he could accomplish good.

Personally ambitious? How could one think so who knew his loving kindness in his home, in his little Long Island village, in his little country community? One who has seen Roosevelt in the seat of the mightiest, literally "sitting on top of the world," likes best to remember him in the village of Oyster Bay, chatting with children and old folks, an unassuming man of human affections and friendships. In my trips

to Oyster Bay, his car always met me; sometimes, he was in it; at other times, we picked him up in the village; on other occasions, he was at his home. The instant the business session was over, he became Colonel Roosevelt, the host—the most graceful, gracious and courtly host who ever welcomed the coming or sped the parting guest. And never, I am told by others who knew him, was he more quietly content than when sitting on a bench in his Masonic lodge with one of his employes in the Master's chair.

Seldom do I talk about Colonel Roosevelt; but, when I do, I never can refrain from telling of a letter which he once received from one of his Rough Riders, reading:

"Dear Colonel:—I am in trouble. I am in jail for shooting a lady in the eye. But, I did not mean to shoot the lady—I was shooting at my wife."

And to this day I am in doubt as to which feeling was the stronger in Colonel Roosevelt's mind—amusement at the ingenueness of the epistle, or real sympathy for a man whose mind saw excuse for shooting "the lady," in the fact that he hit her accidentally while "shooting at his wife."

Of no man in modern days can more of good be said than of Theodore Roosevelt. Of no man can less evil be spoken, in the least semblance of truth.

"T. R." was enormously proud of his reputation for remembering names, and he left nothing undone that would enhance it. I sometimes suspected him of looking into people's hats to get the initials. And I am sure he read both minds and lips. A caller would begin with "I'm Mr. Jo—" and before he knew what had happened to him, he had been affectionately called "Jonesy" and shoved out into the hall. But the usual system failed to work in the case of a New York haberdasher named Kaskel, who thought he would help out the Colonel with a little personal history.

"Mr. President," he said, "I made your shirts—"

"Major Schurtz," interrupted the President, "I'd have known you anywhere."—*Frederick L. Collins in Good Housekeeping.*

3,000,000 Women!

Condensed from McCall's Magazine (October, '27)

Dorothy Canfield

IT was a handsome, substantial, three-story building, one of the best in town, framed in well-placed shrubbery and trees. Carved over the door were the words (which would have made my grandmother stare) "Women's City Club." My guide told me that it had been built 17 years ago. And she added, proudly, "We raised the money ourselves, every penny of it."

I am old enough to remember very well the days when Women's Study Clubs were new things in this country. Yet curiously, little intelligent attention has been paid to this new "folk-way" which has sprung up out of the American soil.

In 1850 and thereabouts, in this country, the women of the working classes and those of the remaining frontier communities were still attached to the deepest of all tap-roots of life, physical necessity. Far at the other ends of the social scale, there were a very few women freed by prosperity from material labor who were allowed by the tradition of their social circle to take a few steps towards civilized, intellectual life.

Between these two classes, were the great mass of American middle-class women, still shut hermetically into their homes, body, soul, and mind, by a fixed public opinion. Married women

were not only forbidden any adult part in the economics of their home, they were forbidden any adult intellectual life. Literally and physically, the only steps they ever took outside their homes, unsupervised by their families, were to the sewing circle or to the meeting of the Missionary Society.

What did they do? For about a generation they languished. They enjoyed (tight corsets, frequent child-bearing, no outdoor exercise, and total ignorance of hygiene contributing) the worst health any generation of American women have known. Nobody expected a married woman of the middle class (the sort who kept a "hired girl") to be strong and alert. She was professionally an invalid.

There are less than no statistics bearing on the matter but as I note the dates of the beginnings of all sorts of new openings for women, the Civil War seems to have been the force which raised sweet-faced, pale-checked, dog-ignorant Mother from her invalid couch and set her on her feet.

Twelve years from that time, women's study clubs were being formed everywhere. They sprang up from spontaneous generation, apparently always with the same membership, married women of the social class that kept a hired girl and enjoyed delicate health. Timidly, under

A CONVENIENT COUPON FOR
NEW SUBSCRIBERS

(See Over)

a hot fire of mockery and disapproval, without a single sympathetic voice raised, and with less than no intelligent leadership, such women crept out of their homes once a week or twice a month, and gathered together to read papers to each other on such carefully noncontroversial subjects as "The History of Holland," and "Raphael's Madonnas."

Twenty-one years from the time clubs were first started, Mother, rather tremulous with excitement, repeating under her breath the newly learned parliamentary rules of order, was on the railway train, all alone, leaving her family behind her for an eternity of three or four days, going to New York. And not to see what was the fashion in bonnets or to consult a new specialist about her back but as delegate from her club to the meeting which became the first convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs.

At the next meeting, two years later, there were 63 delegates representing 17 states. And two years after that, in 1893, there were 297, representing 29 states. Nobody seemed to notice how fast their numbers were growing. Eight years after their first "big" meeting, with 297 delegates, the National Federation of Women's Clubs had a membership of 720,000 mothers. And now they have three millions! Amazing!

I cannot think of any historical movement to which I could compare this spontaneous turning of American married women towards study. (No, there is no rule against unmarried women in Women's Clubs, and there are always a few such members, but the overwhelming majority are wives and mothers living at home, with no outside occupation.) The first Mothers who,

shamefaced at their own daring, quitted their invalid couches, and, avoiding notice as much as they could, stole out to the meetings of their women's club to try to learn something, were the subject of all the caustic comments which the imagination of the cracker-box wits could invent.

What could have given those first unlettered, unled, unhelped women the courage to begin to study, and then to go on year after year, in the face of opposition and ridicule? It is amazing. Could there be a more tried-in-the-furnace evidence of an instinctive desire for education in the native heart than the birth and enormous growth of the Women's Club movement?

Free souls and free minds, they turned their eyes here and there upon the riches of the world. Should they "study" navigation on Chinese rivers, or the "Condition of Women in the Roman Empire," or "Our Birds," or the "Poetry of Martin Tupper?" They chose whatever beckoned.

Every popular movement in history has always depended upon leaders, silver-tongued, magnetic, powerful. Well, in the beginning of the Women's Club movement there were no powerful personalities to persuade those women to turn away from intensive gossip and concentration on their own affairs to try to think about Art and Literature and Current Affairs, to try to make as much as possible out of themselves and their children. They persuaded themselves. There were no foreign examples to copy. Less than none. The Woman's Club is as native to our soil as the sugar maple.

And now they have three million members. Can you beat it for astonishingness?

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SILAS BENT (p. 385) occupied a chair in the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri. Later he joined the editorial staff of the New York Times. In 1920 he became associate editor of The Nation's Business, resigning two years later to become a free-lance.

LOWELL THOMAS (p. 387) is author of "With Lawrence in Arabia." His new book, "The Sea Raider," recounting the exploits of Count Felix von Luckner—Germany's Boldest Adventurer in the War—promises to be a "best seller."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS (p. 393), a student of contemporary as well as early American history, spends a portion of each year in foreign residence. He is the author of a standard history of New England in three volumes.

DR. EDWARD H. HUME (p. 399), graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School in 1901, was president of Yale-in-China at Changsha, until that institution was forced to close its doors last year due to radical agitation. Dr. Hume, though an American, was born in India, and he has been a pioneer in the development of medical education in the Far East.

OWEN WISTER (p. 401) returned this summer from a visit to Europe. . . . It is 45 years since his first book appeared, 25 years since he wrote "The Virginian" (which appeared serially in Harper's), and 12 years since the publication of "The Pentecost of Calamity"; yet his pen is as skillful as ever.

WILL DURANT (p. 407), head of the Labor Temple School in New York, is author of "The Story of Philosophy," and a lecturer of great popularity.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS (p. 411) is the distinguished English novelist and author.

DR. DAVID MITCHELL (p. 413) has been dealing with the chronic fears of people for ten years as a consulting psychologist in his office in New York City. He also speaks from his 20 years of work as an experimental psychologist and as a university lecturer on psychology. He is president of the Clinical and Consulting Psychologists of New York State and chairman of the Clinical Division of the American Psychological Association.

EDWARD WEEKS (p. 417) is a young Harvard graduate and, so he claims, an average motorist. Like most drivers he has had some "close shaves" whose "might-have-beens" have given him pause to think things over.

FITZHUGH GREEN (p. 419) is author of "Arctic Duty," "Midshipmen All," a "History of the American Navy," a "Life of Robert E. Peary," and many other volumes having to do with his professions; sailor and explorer. He graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1909 and was made lieutenant commander in 1914. Besides conspicuous service during the World War, he was sent with Donald B. MacMillan in search of Crocker Land and to explore unknown areas of the Polar Sea. He is a Fellow of the American Geographical Society.

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON (p. 421) is a close student of international relations and the author of several books.

MAJOR CHESTER P. MILLS (p. 429) is the son of the distinguished American soldier—Major General Albert L. Mills, formerly Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy. Major Mills was graduated from West Point in 1909 and served in Cuba, the Philippines and on the Mexican border. In 1917 he went to France and served on the General Staff. He was retired in 1922 for physical disability received in line of duty. In 1926 he was appointed Prohibition Administrator of the Second Federal District, comprising New York City, Long Island and Connecticut.

KATE SARGENT (p. 431) has a record in journalism of brilliant achievement. She is a graduate of Tufts College, and has worked on many Boston newspapers and for several newspaper syndicates.

MRS. DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY (pp. 433, 441), a Middle-Westerner now living in New York, after filling editorial and advertising positions in the book world for five years, has recently turned to magazine writing.

RALPH BORSODI (p. 435) is author of The Distributing Age and a student of merchandising problems.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS (p. 437) graduated from the University of Michigan in 1898, and taught there and at Lehigh before going to Princeton in 1905. He has been chairman of the modern language department since 1913 and dean since 1925. He is known as one of the most stimulating teachers under whom recent generations of students have had the privilege of sitting.

GEORGE GARNER (p. 447) is assistant editor of The Manufacturers' Record.

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